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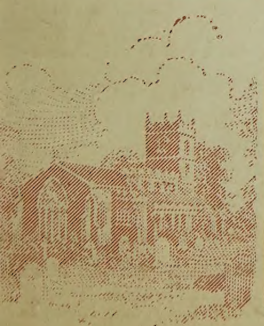

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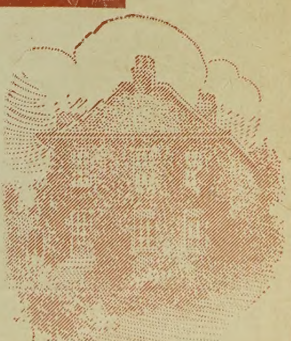

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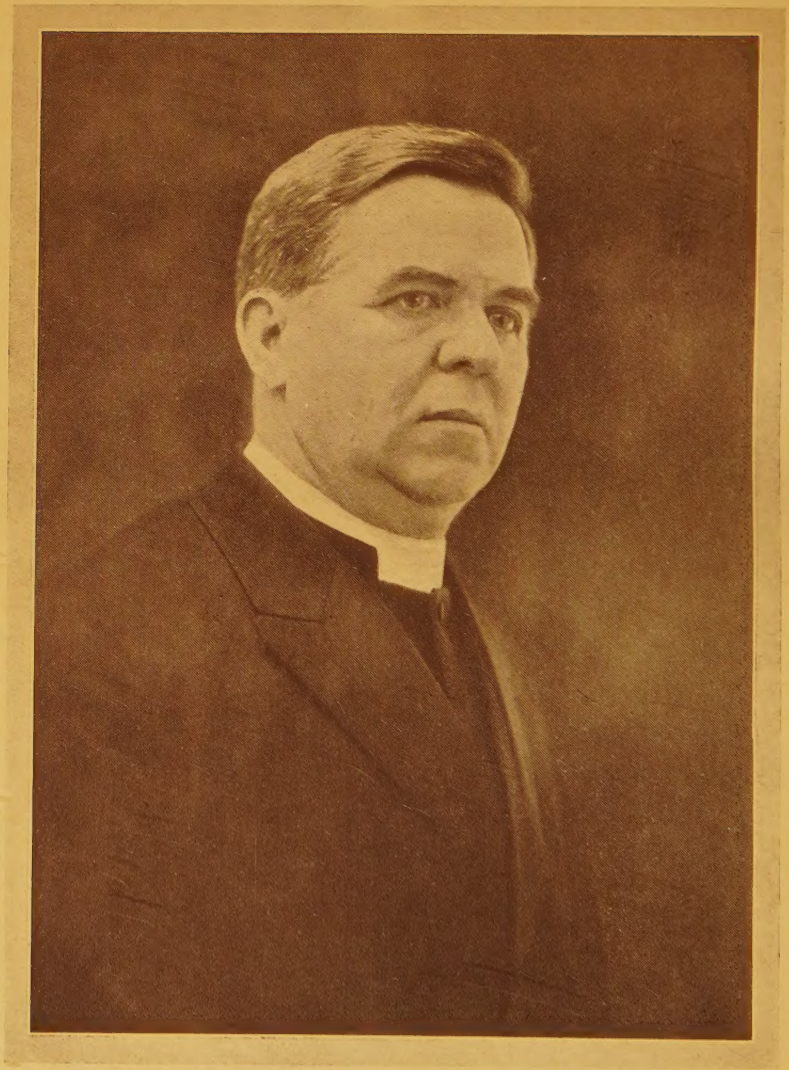


The Methodist Magazine

BEGUN BY JOHN WESLEY IN 1778

Volume 150 February, 1927

Our February Number

By THE EDITOR

MANY friends have congratulated us on the youthful vigour of this Magazine in its 150th year. The January number had many distinguished contributors, and this month we welcome more. Dr. Cadman, who knows the church life of both sides of the Atlantic, gives an impressive account of Wesley's influence on the religious and social life of America. He had a splendid lieutenant in Francis Asbury, who rivalled Wesley himself in devotion and in his restless itinerancy. He had neither Wesley's education nor his natural gifts, but his unbounded zeal made him a mighty apostle in the New World.

Another Equestrian Statue.

It is no small pleasure to watch America paying tribute to its noble pioneer. On October 14 the wife of President Tipple unveiled the bronze equestrian statue of Francis Asbury in the grounds of Drew Theological College, at Madison, New Jersey. On the granite pedestal is inscribed, 'Francis Asbury (1745-1816), Methodist Pioneer, Itinerant Preacher.' The opposite face bears the name of the Rev. Edward S. Pilling, a young minister, full of hope and promise, in whose memory the gift has been made by his brother. It differs from the equestrian statue at Washington, which represents Asbury as drooping and weary from his long road. At Madison the same master sculptor, Augustus Lukeman, shows him in full vigour as the dauntless pioneer. What great things have grown out of his work and Wesley's appears in the Third Annual Report of the World Service Commission of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In 1826 the 341,000 Methodists gave $5,000 for Missions. In 1926 3,929,000 Methodists contributed $8,119,530, besides $533,880 in special efforts. That means that the average giving per member has increased by 15,000 per cent.

Mother England.

We had much pleasant intercourse with Dr. Farrington last

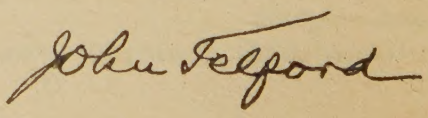
May. It was his first visit to England, and he has kindly given us his impressions of the Mother Country. The first of them appears in this number. He is proud of his British blood, yet feels that it has been a good thing for both England and America that the tea-ships were emptied into Boston Harbour. He thinks we live in the past, with one hand grasping our far-back heritage, with the other busy in making the old house beautiful and fresh as though it were new. It is good to see ourselves, as we shall do in other papers, in the eyes of this wide-awake friend.

Other Contributors.

Dr. Lidgett amused us one day in a busy London street with a reminiscence which is not found in his record of his boyhood. He was introduced to a former editor of this Magazine, the stately and accomplished William L. Thornton, who put his hand on the youth's shoulder, and said, 'Who knows but that you may some day become a lexicographer of nations yet unborn.' The forecast was far astray; but greater things than the old man dreamed of were in store for the boy, who was to write his name on the life of London. Mr. Thornton died on March 5, 1865, in the midst of his presidential year.

'Spiritual Healing' is a subject that we all talk about, and the Rev. Leslie D. Weatherhead has not only thought much about it, but has made his own venture as a hypnotist, and not without success. His papers will not fail to attract attention. Another side of Christian influence comes out in the Rev. Mark Guy Pearse's 'Partnership in Miracles.'

Dr. Lofthouse asks, 'Is the Home disappearing?' Ninety years ago a Poor Law Commission reported that among large sections of the working classes family life had disappeared, yet 'the spirit of the home is always there,' and Dr. Lofthouse shows how 'Christianity in the home' will make it a blessing to all its members and to its neighbours as well. A kindred paper is that on the mother's influence in the home. 'The Money Problem in the Church' will set many thinking seriously; and 'A Naturalist in Unknown Arabia' will stretch the horizon of our readers to strange scenes. Other contributions like 'The New Doctor,' 'Early Methodist Anthems,' speak for themselves; and no one will need to be reminded of the importance of Dr. Ballard's second study of 'The Lord's Day in Modern Light.'



Wesley's Influence upon the United States of America

By S. PARKES CADMAN, D.D., LL.D.

President of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America.

I

DR. F. J. FOAKES JACKSON, in reviewing the third volume of a recent American work, *An Outline of Christianity,* regrets that the chapter on Methodism was not written by an Englishman, and asserts that few men whose influence has been so vast as Wesley's have been less appreciated in the United States. After thirty years' residence here, it is my deliberate judgement that no foreign-born religious leader has exercised a more profound or formative influence upon this country than the Founder of Methodism. He is esteemed by its intelligent citizenship as the foremost Englishman of his century, and a group of qualified authorities give him the first place among the English-speaking peoples of his age. That age, as we know, included the two Pitts, Burke, Dr. Johnson, and Bishop Butler in Great Britain, and Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, and Hamilton in the American Colonies.

The Patron Saint of Millions.

The reasons given for this pre-eminence are that Wesley cherished nobler ideals and sacrificed more for their fulfilment than any of the celebrities mentioned. In calling him a pure-eyed priest and prophet of God, Richard Watson Gilder, editor of *The Century,* sensed the popular sentiment about Wesley. There is nothing incongruous to us in pulpit references which list him with St. Francis, St. Bernard, Wyclif, Huss, Luther, Calvin, Knox, and Bunyan.

His teachings vanquished the Calvinism which had commandeered the available energies of Colonial Protestantism for two centuries. The verification in his own experience of the evangel of inwardness and power was reproduced in countless recruits who flocked to his standard in the New World. Those teachings and that experience found their sublimated expression in the hymns of his brother Charles. Their united regenerative effect upon individuals and communities alike accounts for John's elevation as the patron saint of nearly ten million members of

American Methodism and two and a half times as many more of its adherents. His praise is not limited to his own Communion —it is in all the Churches; and his hold upon the nation at large has decided its destiny as a Protestant Power.

Treasured Traditions.

Although American Methodism confronted peculiar difficulties at the outset, it was never subjected to the defamation and malevolence which characterized its English antagonists. No mitred foes assailed it; nor could it be said of its sternest Calvinistic opponent, as it was of Warburton, that he behaved toward those who dared to controvert his opinions as though he were God's Attorney-General. True, Wesley's episode in the colony of Georgia has been deemed by some as a regrettable adventure. Yet the ordeal he underwent there was really preparatory for the transcendent change which re-created the entire man for his world mission. His spiritual culture, fidelity to Holy Scripture, and pronounced church consciousness assumed their relative proportions after his conversion, and were imparted by him to Methodism as a whole. His unique symmetry of character, his blending of firmness and flexibility, orderliness and enthusiasm, conservatism and liberalism, his moral insight, breadth of social sympathy, and passion for righteousness, have defined the policies of his disciples everywhere.

His judicial bearing in the midst of heated theological controversies and his insistence upon a Christian liberty which emphasized the obligations of piety to learning, are among the treasured traditions in the religious thought and life of America. The disintegration which reduced not a few promising religious movements to dwindling sects was prevented in the typical Methodism of the Republic by the valuable precedents Wesley inherited from a thousand years of religious life and law in the Motherland. Assuredly our quarter of the globe is heavily indebted to him for any ability it has to accelerate the expansion of Christ's Kingdom. Lecky's verdict that Wesley's conversion marked an epoch in British history is unreservedly endorsed here, with the addition that it also ushered in a new day of the Lord, the brightness of whose rising has blessed many nations.

II

Wesley's support of the Crown against the Colonies may be treated as an unfortunate excursion into the squalid politics of his time. But neither the servile administration of the British

King nor the fierce resentment of some extreme revolutionists could shatter the spiritual solidarity of American Methodism. Yet its great gains could not have been won apart from the widespread sentiment here that the first business of a free people is religion. The Colonies were planted by men whose spiritual beliefs frequently shaped their political efforts. Their concern for righteousness as well as for trade or territory was evidenced in the speedy and successful foundation of their respective Churches. The Anglicans were established in Virginia in 1607; the Congregationalists in New England in 1620; the Reformed Church of Holland in New York in 1628; the Presbyterians in Massachussetts in 1629; the Roman Catholics in Maryland in 1632; the Baptists in Rhode Island in 1639; and the Friends in Pennsylvania in 1682. With rare exceptions toleration was a virtue of slow growth among these denominations. Their inherited dissensions survived migration, and sometimes became more dissident in the New World than in the Old. Thus the ' Great Awakening ' which anticipated Methodism's advent was marred by the doctrinal quarrels of the clergy. Even to-day, in a country so vast and diversified in population as the United States, religious feuds have a strange knack of revival.

The Decay of Faith.

In pre-Methodist America the New Testament faith had practically become inoperative. The pronounced Deism of many publicists influential in politics and education went unanswered here, and scepticism was rampant in the few existing colleges. Lassitude and decay vitiated the Anglican Establishment of Virginia. Edwardian hyper-Calvinism outraged every instinct of justice for the sake of its logical precision, and finally tore asunder the Congregationalism of New England. Some sanctuaries were deserted, and all were more or less embarrassed by the deserved disrepute which beclouded formal creeds and institutional religion. Bewildered and sinful men and women forsook the Churches, to pursue the devices and desires of their own hearts.

Nevertheless a remnant remained to whom God's honour was dear. Beneath surface conditions there was a hunger for the gospel of love and compassion which revealed itself in the throngs attending the ministry of George Whitefield. His unsurpassed gifts of dramatic speech prevailed over the restricted doctrinal ideas which he owed to his adored theological mentor, Jonathan Edwards. His preference for imaginative rather than

reasoned discourse suited the temperament of his audiences. His organ-voice and the manner of his address were built for the open spaces in which he moved securely. To quote Dr. W. L. Watkinson: although there was but a step between the sublime and the ridiculous in many of his rhetorical flights, Whitefield never took it. He travelled extensively on land and sea, swayed the multitudes by the magic of his eloquence, and became the living link between the Evangelical Revival and the Colonies.

The Advent of Methodism.

At this critical juncture Methodism appeared upon the scene, not by preconcerted arrangement, but as a spontaneous outburst. Its providential origin in London was thus duplicated in New York, and in both cities it produced after its kind. It owed little to organized Christianity here, and still less to the patronage of the well-to-do or the cultured classes. The story of its genesis among the plain people reads like a chapter from the Acts of the Apostles. In 1760 a band of Irish Methodists, chiefly German by descent and linen-weavers by occupation, brought the Evangelical Revival in their hearts from Limerick to New York. Upon their arrival they joined Trinity Church, but remained members of their own class-meeting. In 1766 Mrs. Barbara Heck, an elect lady of the company, constrained Philip Embury, a carpenter, schoolmaster, and local preacher, to hold public services in a sail-loft. His humble ministrations were Methodism's primal source in the New World. Here the ' second spring ' of North America's spiritual life broke upon a prolonged winter of discontent and foreboding.

The infant assembly was stimulated by Captain Thomas Webb of the ' King's Service,' and a convert of Wesley, who aptly portrayed him as a man of fire. Clad in red regimentals, the bluff and wholesome soldier made an impressive spectacle in a Christian pulpit. His peremptory and earnest exposition of Methodist principles attracted the people, and led to the erection of Wesley Chapel, now known as Old John Street Church, which was dedicated on October 30, 1768.

Meanwhile Robert Strawbridge, another Irish Methodist carpenter and local preacher, acting on his own initiative in a State predominantly Roman Catholic, reared a log cabin on the banks of a small river in the Commonwealth of Maryland. He also instituted divine worship, and, although not an ordained clergyman, ventured under necessity to administer the Sacraments. For twenty-one years Strawbridge missionized the

locality to such purpose that when he died four-fifths of the nearly fifteen thousand Methodists in North America lived in or around Maryland.

What hath God Wrought!

Comment on these apparently negligible undertakings of a devoted woman, two carpenters, and a British soldier is best expressed in the following statistics. The Methodist groups within the United States show a membership of 8,920,190, with 44,449 ministers and 63,358 churches. In this total five units account for 8,580,948. Of these five, two major bodies, the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church South, have a membership of 7,050,918; the other three are coloured Churches, numbering 1,530,030. Ten minor bodies have 339,242 members. If to its membership in the United States is added that in foreign lands, approximately 630,000, the total for the Methodist groups would be 9,550,190. If, again, the Methodism of the Dominion of Canada could be reckoned, the grand total would run well over 10,000,000 members. Discouraged Christians everywhere may find consolation in the fact that hosts of believers of the Church militant and triumphant, whose historic shrines are a sail-loft and a log cabin, are witnesses to God's establishment of Methodism in the New World.

III

Robert Williams was the first regular itinerant preacher to arrive in the Colonies. He won his spurs as an evangelist in Virginia and North Carolina, where one of his notable converts was Jesse Lee, the genial and successful pioneer of Methodism in the frigid and contemptuous regions of New England. Under appointment of the British Conference held at Leeds in 1769. Richard Boardman and Joseph Pilmoor were afterwards sent to America to take charge of the work there. Pilmoor subsequently joined the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and became a potent factor in the reanimation of its spiritual life. But the man who was to prove that extraordinary personality is the solution of problems otherwise insoluble had yet to appear.

Asbury's Matchless Ministry.

Francis Asbury, the Founder's *alter ego,* second only to him, if at all, in the abundance and benefits of his toil, began his matchless ministry in America in 1771. In every respect he is

the outstanding figure of Wesley's movement in the New World. Not even Whitefield, Coke, or Rankin so absolutely identified himself with the Founder's spirit and aims. He traversed many destitute regions and bore much bodily pain until death released him. In speech plain, in manner reserved, with the mingled caution and boldness of his blood, his unswerving allegiance to causes more valuable than life itself stamped this austere, reticent Englishman as one of those magistrates of God to whom all doors must open and all obstacles yield. Married only to the Church, he was absorbed in her affairs and alive to the religious needs of a nation unexpectedly invested with self-government and limitless opportunity. When the Virginian clergy and some British-born Methodist preachers fled homeward before the impending storm of war, Asbury dug in as Wellington did later at Torres-Vedras, and steadied his thin wavering lines until peace had been made and a fresh advance could be ordered. I know no other modern church leader who has quite equalled his achievement in creating for a nation in arms against his native land a moral and spiritual revolution out of the chaos of a political revolution.

In grateful recognition of this and other results of Asbury's ministry, on October 15, 1924, President Coolidge unveiled his statue in the national capital of Washington. It stands in a place of public concourse with the bronze figure of the bishop on horseback as the lone rider on the long trail. It commemorates a great ambassador of the Cross, a great achievement of the gospel, and a great spiritual romance, the actualities of which rival the sacred legends of mediaevalism. Before his death in 1816, Wesley's great lieutenant had journeyed 270,000 miles in his adopted land, preached 16,500 sermons, ordained 4,000 preachers, and presided over 224 annual Conferences.

A Great Leader.

Nearly every existing institution of American Methodism bears the marks of Asbury's loyal co-operation with the Founder's gift for organization. The Missionary Societies, the Boards of Education, Temperance and Reform, the Sunday School Boards with 5,000,000 scholars and teachers under their jurisdiction, the 78 Hospitals, the 40 Homes for the Aged, the 45 Orphanages, the Funds for retired preachers and their dependants, the Hostels for Deaconesses, the scores of Colleges and Universities and the Book Concerns were either organized or fostered by him, or built upon the lines he had laid down.

It was Asbury, and not Coke, who quietly insisted that Wesley's plan for the settlement of American Methodism should be adopted in its entirety. His circuit riders well knew that his autocratic rule concealed a tender and affectionate temper. Hard-bitten veterans to a man, they revered and obeyed him as Wesley's chosen representative. In their itineraries they crossed the Alleghanies, penetrated the Valleys of the Ohio, the Mississippi, and the Missouri River, pushed beyond the Rocky Mountains, and camped on the Pacific Slope. He led them till physical infirmity forbade it, and to the last he planned the campaigns they cheerfully undertook.

Although not scholars, the circuit riders possessed the sense which men have in common, and thoroughly understood the complex social groups which they served. They were shrewd, diligent, indomitable, resistless in their search for individual souls. Here and there an eccentric was found in their ranks whose vagaries alarmed the more conventional brethren, but delighted the untutored audiences of the forests and the prairies. Their trials and emergencies were transformed by a vibrant and joyous faith. They jested at hardships before which lesser men would have retreated, and wove the merriest tales of their ministry out of its sorriest prospects. They have vanished now, but their spirit lives in their successors, and the recollection of their chivalrous conception of duty is a permanent source of pastoral devotion and efficiency.

[*To be concluded*]

Compensation

By T. A. LINDSAY

The night is filled with stars; the restless sea
Brings sweetness to the soiled earth; the blast
Of winter tells of coming spring, and fast
Upon the vanished snow come smilingly
The primrose, violet, and budding tree;
The beauty of the world unseen hath cast
Its spell o'er everything, and at the last
Will change all discord into harmony.

So, too, all human ill is mixed with good,
And serves some lofty purpose of the soul;
Misfortune strengthens love, as tempests rude
Assist the growing oak. Pain takes her toll,
Yet leaves love richer; and should Death intrude,
It brings the lover sooner to his goal.

Christianity in the Home

By WILLIAM F. LOFTHOUSE, M.A., D.D.

WE are all members of three communities at least—the Family, the State, and the World. But we were in a family, and knew something about its demands and privileges, before we knew anything about the obligations of the two larger communities. Did the family come first in point of time? Anthropologists are doubtful. A study of those races which seem nearest akin to primitive men—the Australian bushmen, for instance, or the Veddahs of Ceylon—suggests that men grouped themselves into hordes or even tribes before they knew anything of family ties as we understand them. But for us the family comes first, and influences all our thought of the rest; the law of the mother's knee precedes for us the regulations of the County Council; the father's uplifted hand is known before the policeman's truncheon; and we have to settle the thorny questions of the nursery before we launch out into the not much more perplexing problems of the municipality.

Some never get so far as citizenship of the world; some never learn to take an active part in the life of the State or the community around them; they pay taxes and rates, they vote, perhaps, and grumble; but, for the rest, they go about their own lawful occasions and keep themselves to themselves, or, it may be, even busy themselves about saving their souls. And some never even learn the law of family life;—individuals who happen to live in the same houses as others, and who, without any choice of their own, are related to certain other people, and who make their own way through the jungle of rivals, neighbours, and even brothers and sisters, children and wives, which surrounds them.

The Family and the Home.

But if we are members of the first of these three communities in any true and vital sense, we shall find our way into membership of the second, and, in time, of the third. On the other hand, if one has not learnt the deeper meaning of being a child or a brother, a husband or a wife, it is impossible, save in the rarest instances, to know the secret of devotion to city or country, or the deep and subtle ties, as ennobling as they are enthralling, that bind us to the human race.

So much for the family. But the title at the head of this article is the Home. There is no real distinction. The family has its

seat and centre in the home. We all know the melancholy distinction between homes and mere houses. In some dwellings it is impossible to feel ' at home '; in others we recognize and rejoice in the feeling at once. We greet or miss the ' spirit ' that makes the home. And what is that? To put it at its best (and why should we do otherwise?), it is the eagerness to share all that each member of the home really values. Families are as various as the climates in which they are found; but what differentiates them is the amount of common life and interest. This is the useful point of comparison between the loose aggregations among the Australian blackfellows, the close, rigid, and passionately loved joint family of India, the combination of home and ' club ' life in Borneo or Polynesia, and the assemblage, beneath one enormous roof, of the ' families ' of brothers and cousins in the Serbian ' zadruga.' Families are the closer as there are more possessions and interests to share, and a keener desire to share them. Even in a back-street tenement, which would drive most of us to despair or to Bolshevism, we may find a father unable to enjoy anything unless the wife and children are ' in it '; and the sickly child, like Dickens's pathetic Tiny Tim, only happy when the feast, the fun, and the pain are felt by all.

Sharing has two sides—an economic and a psychic. There must be something to share, as well as the desire to share it. All family life implies the existence of a family income and a family dwelling. How can we expect a home, when the family has been disinherited of the instruments of its proper activity? This reflection would lead us too far afield. What is important for us is that the desire to share, if it really exists, will ' find out the way.' And what is love itself, at its best, with all its magnificent self-surrender and its enormous demands, save the resolve that there shall be nothing, neither experience nor possession, which cannot be enjoyed, and even used, directly or indirectly, in common? [1]

The Home in the New Testament.

But what has religion to say to all this? The New Testament seems to frown on the family. A man must leave his father and his mother. ' My relations,' said Jesus in effect, ' are—all who do what I want them to do.' And did not Paul appear to rate celibacy distinctly above family life? We Protestants, even if we do not, like the Roman Catholics, use the word ' religious ' specially for those who have taken a vow of celibacy, have often

[1] See *The Home*, Copec Commission Report, vol. iii. (Longmans).

been content to leave family life to itself if we can make sure of the new fellowship of the Church.

Yet the true end of the Church's activity is the society of the family, whether we work for it as celibates or not. To Paul, especially in his earlier days, the time was short; from many a foreign missionary to-day, as from the mediaeval monks, the conditions of work demand a special detachment; and those who listened to Jesus were often then, as now, bound by low ideals by which, if unrepressed, true family life would in time be destroyed.

But Jesus loved the simple life of the household, whether He found it at Capernaum or Nazareth or Bethany; and the disciples were no early Franciscans, vowed to a life of homeless wandering. 'Go back to your own people,' said Jesus to one of His converts, 'and share the good news with them.'

We cannot over-emphasize this truth. Life is a partnership; and partnership must begin at home. The Church, which has learnt to think of love as partnership, must be the truest home-builder, or it fails.

Is the Home Disappearing?

'But all this,' we shall be told, 'is against the spirit of the age. To-day life is centrifugal. We must accept the fact, and adapt ourselves, and our homes, to it. Young people must have, or they will take, their freedom.' Why has the change come to-day? Why are the old sanctities breaking down only in our own unfortunate time? Because it is now so much easier to be selfish and independent. Fresh rivals to the home are ever rising up—the bicycle, the motor-car, the cinema, the dance-room, and even the study circle!

But we must not think that human nature has changed. The 'Cotter's Saturday Night' is not more out of date, or in date, in one period than in another. The Report of the Poor Law Commission of ninety years ago asserted that among large sections of the working classes family life had disappeared. If youngsters despise family councils and desert family prayers, it is often because neither exist for them. The child still issues from the mother's womb. Brother and sister may be sundered by years of misunderstanding and suspicion; until some flood of calamity or emotion unites them at last, and Tom and Maggie go down in one last embrace, as when 'hand in hand they roamed the daisied fields together.' The spirit of the home is always there. If it could have been destroyed, it would have

disappeared long ago. But, like all good gifts, it cannot be simply received; it must be achieved. It is achieved when each member of the family learns to make his possessions and activities available for others.

This is a pleasantly simple but at the same time a rather disconcertingly far-reaching rule. It must apply to golf and bridge (or where should we draw the line?), to lesson-books and tennis; to the husband's business worries (every husband and wife will remember Portia's grave fears about being 'Brutus's harlot, not his wife'), the wife's ill-health, the children's disappointments. Our amusements must be made to justify themselves by adding to the common stock of good-humour, vivacity, and versatility, or they become mere selfishness. Even our troubles, by being treated, for the sake of the general happiness, as if they did not exist, or where that is impossible, by being brought into an atmosphere of sympathy and combined determination to get rid of them, will find a justification for their own existence.

Concentric Circles.

The true end of the Church's activity, we said, is the society of the family. But this must not be misunderstood. It must not be taken to suggest a kind of refined group self-centredness. *Egoisme à deux,* or *à cinq,* is as fatal to all concerned as the individual selfishness of a miser or a debauchee. Partnership, once begun in the home, cannot stop there. The circle is not closed. If the spirit of the home exists, it makes something wider than the home. Our own home life is the means whereby we make home life for others. And this in two ways.

First, the vigour and buoyancy that come from this home partnership, both in amusements and interests and work and troubles, are communicable, and insist on being communicated. The conditions of modern life 'lower the garden walls.' Any family that understands what we have been describing will be, whether intentionally or not, an asset to its neighbourhood. The more you love one another, the more, by some beautiful natural law, you will desire friends from the outside.

Secondly, the fellowship of our own homes teaches the wider fellowship with homes around us. We might express this in another way. When we understand, from our own home life, what is really valuable to ourselves, in our smaller community, we know what to try to secure for others. All decent people today recognize to some extent the claims of social service; we are

all conscious of some desire to make other people happier. But we are faced by two difficulties:—The first is that our best endeavours, or the best endeavours of others, so often end in failure. 'Give people better houses, and they will only turn them into slums'; baths are used for storing coal; better wages only mean more expenditure on drink or betting or vice; are the well-to-do artisans really happier than the often quite jovial poor? And so on, until it hardly seems worth while to try to do anything for others at all. The second is that the calls for service are so various and so complex. Let any one read the twelve volumes of the Copec Report (modest as they are in size), and he will probably ask, 'Where am I to begin? Who is to teach me the rudiments of any one of these problems? And where am I to find time to learn what is required? Every problem requires an expert!'

The True Way of Giving.

Now, both these difficulties can be met; and they are met when we remember that the soul of all reformation is the reformation of the home. For the first ('What is the good of giving when gifts are so often useless?'), our law of partnership (as we may call it) tells us that the real source of value is not the object that any one of us may possess, but the use that we make of it for, or with, others; and, more than this, the power and the desire to share it in this way. The gift of an object or 'thing' may often simply minister to selfishness, and so do positive harm. Certainly it were better not to give at all than give with that result. 'A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things that he possesseth.' Let him consider what it does consist in, and let him share that.

The best gifts cannot indeed be given at all; they can only be shared. Infinitely better than the new toy itself, given to the child on its birthday, which might, by being snatched away or broken, be matter simply for tears, is the joy which touches all at seeing, and increasing, the delight of the little fellow in his new-found treasure. Joy, like hope and capacity and knowledge and patience and love, can never be given; it can only be shared. It is of course far easier to give money or other objects than to share joy and hope; but it is neither so useful nor so Christian. 'Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I unto thee; in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, *rise up and walk!*' Partnership in the home is the teacher of social service outside.

But (the second difficulty) social service to-day is so complex! This is the real reason why so many people of goodwill are kept from it. It takes time to begin; and while they are considering, and cautiously trying to avoid mistakes, their available time is gone, and they must turn to more immediate tasks. Social service indeed has changed considerably even during the last generation. It is becoming more and more a matter of the expert. Many services that were left to private initiative are now undertaken by the community; and some professional training is quite rightly demanded. But this only increases, and fulfils, the responsibility of the Christian home. For, first, such homes are needed to produce the atmosphere, and the material, for the increasing demands of the future; and, secondly, it is such homes that must supply the impetus to society for the constant and steady struggle with social evil that is essential. The price of freedom is, as it always has been, eternal vigilance. It is easy to create an excitement over some scandal;—the state of the streets, or the dangers of a slum area, or the prevalence of betting. This may do more harm than good. We need the deep conviction that whatever has been given must be shared, which after all lies at the heart of Christ's message, and the inability to enjoy what is denied to others without a struggle to repair the inequality. Only these, humanly speaking, can sharpen and steady the conscience of the community. The machinery for social salvation should be found in every department of the State's activity. The power-house is at the fireside.

Practical Questions.

A dozen practical questions have been left untouched. How many children should there be in the ideal family? How many servants should be kept when income allows more than the minimum number? How much should be spent on education and on amusements? Or again, how much freedom should be allowed to the children? How much should they be told about their future duties as parents? Adequate discussion of any one of these would call for more than the space of this article.[1]

But no uniformly applicable answers can ever be given. There will be as many answers as there are families to ask for them. But there is one principle by which the answers can always be worked out. The family exists for the community, and in deciding upon its possessions, its activities, and its enjoyments, it

[1] See E. S. Wood's *Everyday Religion*. S.C.M.

must aim at service to the community. When this is forgotten, every question becomes almost insoluble, because every question resolves itself into a calculation of money or comfort or convenience; that is to say, it is saturated with unknown factors. But the ' will to share ' itself instructs those who would carry it out. Love is an unerring light. Joy is its own security. Every question of household economy simplifies itself when the aim of the questioner is to make all that he has—time, education, money, opportunities for amusement—ultimately available, in the richest possible way, for the service of his neighbours.

And so we come back to the Bible. The Bible, to those who want ' judges and dividers ' over them, is the most disappointing of books. But it is clear on one point,—that the only satisfaction or blessedness lies in using God's gifts for God's purpose; that this purpose is ' the general good of man '; and that, when satisfaction is sought in this way, it will never fail to be found. For this quest and discovery the simplest and most familiar scene is the home and its intimate sanctities, the clearest type on earth of the Kingdom of Heaven, of ' pure religion breathing household laws.'

The Great Call

By CONRAD A. SKINNER, M.A.

ABRAM, at the great Call, turned his back on his home, his country, and his world, and—stepped off the map. He found his true country, and became the father of his people. But, more than that, he held not back his son from the same Call. He received the boy back. The boy would mean infinitely more thenceforward, much more than if his father had clung blindly to him.

The things we cling to we lose, lose quickly or gradually in spite of our clinging. The only gesture of the Kingdom is the wide-flung arms, emptied of every possession, holding everything but at the Call. The clenched hand, the gripping fingers, are of this earth, and this earthly, dying life.

Just as Captain Oates, sick man and conscious handicap to his friends, strode out into the blizzard, yielding his life, and has found eternal celebration already in the records of his generation, so the man who daily disowns himself for Christ's sake has already come within touch of his immortal soul.

The things men grasp and keep turn foul, like manna stored. Seek first the Kingdom, said Christ, and leave God to send the manna daily.

We may stand in the sunshine, and, hearing the Call, disobey. But the sunshine fades quickly to sunset and the dark. We may hear and obey, and we carry the memory of the sunshine eternally, shining brightly, just as it was when we turned our back. Things lost for Christ's sake, and not for reward, are ultimately found, transfigured and reinforced.

Spiritual Healing

AND THE MODERN MINISTER'S ATTITUDE TO IT

By LESLIE D. WEATHERHEAD, M.A.

BY Spiritual Healing I mean the healing of the spirit; the bringing of the human personality into complete harmony with God and His purposes by a non-material method.

Pain, Disease, and the Will of God.

In order to build up my argument, I want to begin with the assertion that disease is not the ideal will of God. I believe that the ideal will of God is perfect health for every creature. We must pause a moment to allow a place for that minimum of pain which is the warning of Nature that something is wrong. To say that pain is never the will of God is to make an unwarrantable assertion; for without pain far back in the original scheme of things, far back in the animal creation, it is difficult to see how the human race could ever have come to be. The animal unwarned by pain would have been destroyed. But there is evidence to show that when pain has given that warning it ceases to be beneficial and becomes an evil thing.[1] Nor must we say that disease is never the will of God *under any conditions.* Better for disease to ensue than for the race to be blotted out;—a statement which may be the only justification for the creation of the germs of disease. Indeed, we may say that sin is the will of God in the sense that He wills the possibility of sin in preference to a race of mechanical toys, and the parallel between sin and disease can be fairly closely applied. Disease follows from human ignorance, folly, and sin, all of which God is striving to replace by knowledge, wisdom, and holiness; so that with these considerations in mind we may adhere to our statement that disease is not the ideal will of God.

Take an illustration. I remember talking to a man in India whose little son had died of cholera. We stood on the veranda, where his daughter, the only remaining child, slept in her cot.

'Ah well,' the man said, 'I suppose it is the will of God.'

I asked, 'Supposing someone crept up the steps on to the veranda to-night while you all slept, and deliberately put a wad of cotton-wool soaked in cholera-germ culture over that child's mouth, what would you do?'

[1] E.g. Hadfield's experiment with two blisters inflicted by suggestion under hypnosis on a patient, one of which he suggested should be painful and the other non-painful. The painful one took twice as long to heal as the non-painful one.

He replied that he would kill the intruder with as little compunction as he would kill a snake. He could hardly believe that any one would do such a dastardly thing. Yet he believed God would do such a thing.

I said to him, ' Call it human ignorance, folly, or sin; call it a careless doctor, a filthy drain, or unclean food, but not God.'

Yet it is part of the bad thinking of our time that hundreds of people think that, in order to teach them some lesson, God plans for them some kind of disease or suffering.

The Relation of Pain to Character.

We find, then, a great deal of suffering in the world which is not the will of God and which is of no value to the community. I say ' of no value to the community,' because it is a fallacy to suppose that there is anything inherent in pain which makes for nobility of character. Next time you have a stomach ache you can prove this by asking yourself whether it is bringing you a sudden access of spiritual power. The *natural* result of pain is rebellion and depression; and if the suffering saints have been—as they have been—strong in character, it has been not through pain, but through their attitude to the pain, that they have triumphed. Thus God brings His own good out of evil that befalls us through our own folly, ignorance, and sin. The cross of wood brought about by non-divine intention becomes the cross of gold which consummates the divine purpose.

The Cures Jesus Wrought.

From these considerations it is not surprising to find Jesus going about healing disease, working with God in the direction of perfect health. And His method—according to the definition with which we began—was Spiritual Healing. We should, I think, be unwise to suppose that this method was only open to Him in consequence of His unique relation to the Father. That is to say, the healing miracles of Jesus were not wrought to prove what God could do and man could not, but what man could do and ought to do. According to St. John, Jesus made a tremendous promise on these lines: ' He that believeth on Me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do, because I go unto the Father ' (John xiv. 12).

The followers of Jesus took Him at His word, and for many years they practised the healing of the sick by the method of Spiritual Healing. When we ask why this fell into disuse, we can see the answer at once. Healing by non-material method is made, by foolish cranks and superstitious old women of both sexes, into a thing of magic even to-day. Then is it to be

wondered at that in mediaeval times it was exploited by quacks, pseudo-magicians, and knaves? This happened to such an extent, that the Church quite rightly washed her hands of it. She gave herself to what we generally include under the heading of ' spiritual work ' to-day, and healing bodies was left to the gloriously growing medical science and became a physical art, though for years that art too was handicapped by superstition.

God Revealed in the Discoveries of Medicine and Surgery.

We must notice that cleavage, but we must not emphasize it to such an extent as to make it appear that the good Spirit of God was more at work in the Church's ' spiritual work ' than the crowding discoveries of medicine and surgery. The power and wisdom of God flowed into both channels. And it is a common fallacy, which we must fight by better thinking, that the more you know of a process the less it manifests God's activity. Because we know more of what happens when medical treatment is applied than when a man by faith takes up his bed and walks, God's power is not less expressed in the one than in the other. We must not see God only in that which we cannot explain. Every discovery is a divine revelation, and the magnificent history of medical and surgical research and enterprise can only be regarded by the Christian as showing ways in which the Spirit of God healed the bodies of men even though the method of Spiritual Healing fell through quackery into disuse.

We are only at the beginning of our understanding of the psychological laws which underlie Spiritual Healing, yet this ignorance must not make the method seem more spiritual than a method completely known. The two arts are different methods of doing the same thing—making sick people well. And it may be added here that no doctor or spiritual healer heals or has ever healed any one. Both link the patient up with God. Both try to take away—be it by drug or suggestion—anything that may be in the way of the harmonizing of the patient with God. Both facilitate the working of the laws of health. That one may speak of Nature and the other of God is a matter of point of view only. Spiritual Healing is thus a complementary method rather than a separate art, and it will never supersede the practice of medicine and surgery, because it has its own province in which to work. Let us ask next what this province is.

An Important Division.

To do this let us divide all disease into two rough classifications, and speak of physiogenic trouble and psychogenic trouble. Of course, as the words suggest, physiogenic trouble means trouble

the root cause of which is purely physical, as when a man breaks his leg at 'Rugger.' Psychogenic trouble means trouble the root cause of which is in the mind. (Notice I did not say the brain.) Worry, fear, shock, often bring on physical symptoms. In making this classification we must be careful not to stress it. We must note that psychic trouble may ensue on physical injury, as well as physical trouble on psychic conditions.

Now, physiogenic trouble is not, I think, within the specified province of the spiritual healer. I am not asserting or contradicting the claim that non-material methods of cure are entirely irrelevant and useless to deal with trouble the origin of which is physical. I am only saying that such trouble is not so directly the business of religion, which is primarily concerned with the soul.

Mental and Spiritual Disharmony.

Indeed, I now want to divide psychogenic trouble into two kinds. First, trouble caused by a mental as against a spiritual disharmony; that is, trouble caused by an obsession, shock, hysteria, or neurosis, which is not within the province of religion.

Illustration. A man is amongst his comrades in a trench when a shell bursts near them. They are all buried by the explosion. This man crawls out, and sees the hand and arm of a comrade protruding from the wreckage. He pulls, thinking to help his comrade, and the arm comes away in his hand. Henceforth the man is paralysed in his right arm until by psycho-analysis and synthesis he is cured. Or again, an officer refuses to go into any dark enclosed room, and insists on remaining outside a dug-out rather than enter it, even when a barrage is on. Psycho-analysis reveals the fact that as a boy he was once sent down a long dark passage to a room at the end, the door of which opened, letting out a big fierce dog, which frightened him, and caused a repressed fear of all dark enclosed spaces until treatment resolved the complex and set him free.

Now, cases like that are, I think, for the lay psychotherapist. They are not definitely for the minister, though they are very interesting and instructive for any student of psychology. During the last five years I had a case which was most instructive as to the permanent nature of the memory. A war widow came to me in great grief. She had inadvertently burnt all the letters which her husband had written from France. She could not—so she said—remember what he had said in them, and she felt she had nothing left from him which could link her to him. Certain physical symptoms had manifested themselves as a result of the worry and fretting which had ensued on what

she called a carelessness which she could never forgive herself. Knowing that nothing is ever really forgotten by the mind, that impressions received are merely laid one on top of the other, and that, given a certain kind of treatment, they can be revived, I got her to relax all her muscles and recline in an easy chair, and I lightly hypnotized her.

Misunderstanding about Hypnotism.

In a parenthesis one may say that a great deal of rubbish is talked about and against hypnotism by those who know nothing about it. It is in reality a state of induced increased suggestibility when the critical faculties of the mind are for the time being in abeyance, and when the patient will part more readily with an impression the mind has once received—however long ago—or will receive a new idea or suggestion without critically examining it. (We see a hint there of the value of hypnotism in psychotherapy, since an idea—say of health—once received by the mind tends to realize itself in actuality.)

The stages of hypnotism I need not discuss here. Of the methods one may say that they vary, but agree in their emphasis on holding the attention of the patient. We may imagine a policeman, on point duty directing the traffic, whose attention is held by a sixpence on the ground. While his attention is fixed, the traffic can pass him unnoticed. So, while the attention is fixed in a certain way, we can get impressions *from* the mind and ideas *into* the mind without the scrutiny of the policeman, the critical faculty. Ecclesiastical sculpture, art, and music are designed to hush the critical faculty and make it more possible to get religious suggestions into the mind. You cannot be irreverent in Westminster Abbey. Technically you are on the way to being lightly hypnotized.

So while my patient was hypnotized, using the law of the association of ideas, it was possible to go back and back till she was telling me everything in the lost letters, and even other details. I remember her saying what she gave her man for breakfast the morning he set off for the station. By scribbling rapidly for over an hour, I was able, on awakening her, to give her back the substance of all she had lost. Her delight was pathetic, and her physical symptoms have disappeared, and she is now in perfect health. This, though interesting, is not the minister's job—unless, like myself, he takes it up as a hobby.

In his next article Mr. Weatherhead will consider cases that lie essentially in the Minister's province.

Reminiscences

By J. SCOTT LIDGETT, M.A., D.D.

II.

SO far as my education and early prospects were concerned, the death of my father placed me under the authoritative guidance of my uncle, George Lidgett, who, while deeply and affectionately concerned for my welfare, was inclined to treat his own life-history as supplying the pattern of my own. I was to become a business man in his view, and therefore I must give up my work in the Classical Sixth of the Blackheath Proprietary School at sixteen and a half. When I made known to him my sense of calling to the ministry, his decision was only strengthened: for city life would test this perhaps premature sense of vocation, and, in any case, would give me an experience of the world that would be of great advantage to a future minister. So I spent two years in a city office; and then, when my decision proved irrevocable, consent was given to my entering University College, London, where I studied for three years and a half, my uncle deciding against Oxford and Cambridge as not likely to strengthen, and perhaps likely to undermine, my Methodist convictions and sympathies.

Chief Intellectual Interest.

Having matriculated on leaving school, I went forward to my B.A. degree, and remained at the College till after I had taken the M.A. in Logic and Philosophy. I was, however, greatly hampered in the philosophical studies which became my chief intellectual interest. The Association School of the Mills and Bain was in the ascendant at the College. The very able and painstaking professor, the late G. Croom Robertson, had been appointed to the Chair in competition with Dr. Martineau, because the latter, from the very fact of his being of another philosophical School, and still more because he was the protagonist of Theism against Tyndall, Huxley, and other scientific leaders of thought, had been distasteful to the appointers. Hence I was led into an *impasse*, owing to the conflict between my religious convictions and my philosophical teachers, in which the former prevailed. Years of subsequent study and reflection were needed before I found a way of escape from this deadlock. Meanwhile the urge of practical interests was so great that I tolerated, rather than enjoyed, academic studies, being anxious to take the plunge into practical life as

soon as I possibly could. It ought to be added that both the intensity of my Methodist fervour and the impact of new ideas were, to some extent, qualified by Anglican associations, while the influence of my father's sisters—very remarkable women—strengthened my natural tendency to reject the Millenarian pietism, which prevailed at Tunbridge Wells, where they lived, and to seek an interpretation of the Christian religion which gave ampler recognition to intellectual and social pursuits.

Preparation for the Ministry.

From my earliest years I had been the subject of deep religious impressions, to which a strong appeal was made by the preaching of those days, the earnestness of which was accompanied by continual insistence—disproportionate, and, as it now seems to me, somewhat unwholesome—on the Last Things. At my earnest request my grandfather gave me my first Communion at the Covenant Service of January 1868, and the next morning he was stricken by fatal illness. From that time I became a member of my uncle's Society class, and subsequently engaged in the church work to which I have referred. From the time when my call to offer for the ministry was recognized by my family, about which I will speak more fully later on, the Rev. William F. Moulton became my authoritative adviser, and his influence on my career was of continuous importance, as will be subsequently explained.

The most momentous event of my early preparation came in 1875, when I was introduced to the Rev. W. B. Pope. I had just passed the examination for the M.A. degree, and had a year of study in view before I could be accepted as a candidate by the Conference. So my uncle took me to Sheffield, where the Conference was held in 1875. There I was permitted to attend the Committees of Review, and heard the celebrated speech of Mr. Fowler (afterwards Viscount Wolverhampton) in support of Lay Representation, being able to watch the alarmed looks of the Ministerial Platform, and to hear the apprehensive comments —both public and private—of certain greatly respected Ex-Presidents. Mr. Pope received me graciously, and took me out with him for a walk in the streets of Sheffield. To my astonishment he told me that I had read sufficient doctrinal theology for the present, and counselled me to spend my strength for the coming year in studying Isaiah in Hebrew and the Epistle to the Galatians in Greek—as an introduction to the Pauline Epistles—with the best commentaries. This I did,

together with the first edition of his own *Compendium of Theology,* which was published during that year.

From that time forward I enjoyed the advantage of Dr. Pope's continuous guidance and intimate conversation for the following six years. This first advice is of interest both as showing the importance assigned to Biblical Theology by the greatest of Methodist dogmatic theologians, and also as throwing light upon the workings of his own mind. In the last conversation I ever had with Dr. Pope, as we walked the streets of Southport together in 1881, he suddenly stopped and said, ' Never become a theological tutor! If I had my time over again, I would ask to be appointed Professor of Biblical Exegesis.'

This remark was due probably in part to the natural reaction which always follows upon intense specialization, as was illustrated many years after when that prince of preachers, Dr. McLaren of Manchester, said to me, ' If I had to begin life over again, I would take up Settlement work; it has greater practical results than preaching.' Still more, I think, it was due to the sense of the inadequacy of all human formulas to express Divine Reality, which haunted this great ' mystical dogmatist,' as Dr. J. Dury Geden once described Dr. Pope to me. This sense led him frequently to quote the saying, *' Omnia exeunt in mysterium.'* Nor was he lacking in the keen apprehension of intellectual difficulties; though, to use Newman's phrase, ' Ten thousand difficulties did not make one doubt.' I remember his inquiring of me about a lecture delivered by the Rev. F. W. Macdonald on ' The Modern Attack and Defence of the Faith ' : ' Did he show that he felt the difficulties? If not, the lecture was no good.' The impression made upon me during those years was that the leaders of Wesleyan thought were inclined to practise too much ' economy ' in the interests of safety and owing to the undue influence of a masterful personality to whom I will refer shortly.

Circuit Work and Marriage.

The Conference of 1876 accepted me as a Probationer; and as there was at that time a great demand for additional ministers I was sent at once to Tunstall, where I had a fruitful experience of a manufacturing and mining circuit. It was a shock for me, brought up in the staid atmosphere of a London suburb, to be immersed in the somewhat excitable and emotional religion that then prevailed in North Staffordshire, with its reliance upon a revivalism that was sometimes artificial and had a good many unwholesome elements. Yet I lived on terms of intimate

friendship with many colliers and potters, gaining insight into their ways of thought and life, as I enjoyed their hearty hospitality. I found Wesleyan Day Schools all over the circuit, and devoted a good deal of my concern to helping the masters and mistresses, some of whom had been trained by my grandfather. I was also deeply interested in the problems of physical health, as I visited homes where hygienic conditions were sadly neglected; and this interest was stimulated by the *Life of Charles Kingsley*, which was published a few months after I arrived. But I found few to act with me in such matters, and the lack of such helpers made a deep and abiding impression upon my mind.

At the instance of Dr. W. B. Pope I was appointed to the Mornington Road Circuit, Southport, in 1878, and there I made invaluable and lasting friendships. But my heart was vexed to find so many there who had left the towns in which their wealth had been made, to enjoy an easy and somewhat aimless life at a watering-place. In the memory of Tunstall I was inclined to feel that Southport ought not to exist. The need of bringing such extremes together became a leading preoccupation of my mind. Meanwhile, though active in practical work, I was a hard student during these two appointments, always studying five and often seven hours each day.

My next appointment was at Cardiff, where the energy of a progressive and prosperous town made a great appeal to me, and where I found it much easier to enlist the services of well-to-do young people in various forms of social service. There, in addition to circuit work and building a chapel, I took a hand in many public activities, serving on the committee that established the University College, and taking a leading part in movements for combating the vice of a seaport town. Among other measures we persuaded the Town Council to embody clauses for dealing with brothels in a Municipal Bill. Difficulties having subsequently arisen, the Council decided to drop these clauses; and having with the utmost difficulty dragged a few eminent citizens with me on a deputation, I was both encouraged and amused by reading the next morning in the newspaper that ' in consequence of the strong expression of public opinion ' the Council had decided to reinstate the clauses.

In all these activities I was brought into very close relations with Dr. C. J. Vaughan, Dean of Llandaff and Master of the Temple. He threw all the weight of his great influence on the side of co-operation between all Christian Churches in strong

opposition to Anglo-Catholic exclusiveness; and I may give one example of this catholicity. At the opening of a Board School, the most active of the exclusive clergy declared, 'If there is one name of which I am proud, it is that of Churchman.' The dean, who followed him, remarked in his gentlest tone, 'I must differ from my friend who has just spoken. If there is one name of which I am proud, it is that of *Christian.*'

At the end of three years I married the wife who has been my companion throughout all these years of work for the poor, and has borne the brunt of whatever hardship has attended it. She was the second daughter of Dr. Andrew Davies, J.P., a physician who was, in his later years, managing director of a colliery in Monmouthshire, of which his wife's family were the proprietors. We removed to Wolverhampton, where my hands were filled, not only with church work, but in carrying out, as secretary, a great scheme of chapel-building throughout the circuit, and with organizing Recreative Evening Schools throughout the town, as a lieutenant of Dr. J. B. Paton of Nottingham. In 1887 I was appointed to Cambridge, and of the consequences I must speak later on. Suffice it to say, for the present, that in these five circuits I had a diversified experience, which falls to the lot of few, and that materials for my later career were gained from them all.

Methodism in the Seventies and Early Eighties.

I cannot conclude this instalment of my Reminiscences without a brief reference to the Wesleyan Methodism of that period. Throughout the seventies and early eighties the chief concern of high politics for leading ministers was little else than the management of Dr. Osborn. To say nothing of other difficulties, Dr. Dallinger's Fernley Lecture was held up in 1880 because he advocated the hypothesis of Evolution. Dr. Osborn was stubborn in his opposition, and the rest discovered that, while the doctrine was probably true, its advocacy at that moment would be inopportune. The selfsame lecture was delivered at Manchester in 1887, and, to use a common expression, no one was a penny the worse.

On a hot July evening in 1881 I met Dr. Pope in Southport, just returned from an arduous week's work in London. He had been engaged in revising the First Catechism, and he said to me, 'I have fought a great battle and won a great victory. You remember the first question and answer of the Catechism, "What is God? An infinite and eternal Spirit." Well, I have got them to alter that, and now it is to be, "Who is God? Our Father."'

I love to think of the great dogmatic teacher of Methodism giving back to its children the simplicity of the gospel. 'But,' he added, 'I have had great trouble with Dr. Osborn: he says God is not their Father!' While I was in Cardiff, Dr. Osborn, then in his second Presidency, sent for me and urged me to take the appointment at Stuttgart. Cogent reasons prevented me from accepting this proposal; and having explained them, I added that both my judgement and my conscience were against it. Immediately Dr. Osborn replied, 'Speak of your judgement, if you like, but not of your conscience. I hold that, when the Methodist Conference has spoken, no man has a right to have a conscience against it.' From such absolutism happily later generations have been delivered.

[*To be continued*]

'I Look for the Lord'

By W. A. L. TAYLOR, B.A.

I LOOK for the Lord in the glory of morning,
And in the deep starlight and splendour of eve;
He comes to my heart humbly waiting, adoring,
His holy enchantment around me to weave.

He comes in the wind, or the rain softly falling,
In dew and in sunshine rejoicing the earth;
He comes in the music of birds, sweetly calling
The children of men to their labour and mirth.

I look for the Lord when the thunder is rolling,
And tempests are breaking on ocean and shore,
Enfolding in love, and in mercy consoling,
For He is our haven and home evermore.

He comes with the guerdon of rest for the weary,
Dear Friend of the helpless, their succour and stay;
No burden is heavy, no sorrow is dreary,
While He is the Light of the darkness and day.

And when, all my sin and my weakness confessing,
I look to the Lord on the pitiful tree,
Then great is my joy in the fullness of blessing
My Saviour on Calvary purchased for me.

A Naturalist in Unknown Arabia

By JOHN TELFORD, B.A.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR PERCY COX says in a Foreword to *In Unknown Arabia* (Macmillan & Co., 25*s*. net) that its author, Major Cheesman, O.B.E., discovered himself to him at Basra in 1916, where he was Lance-Corporal in the 5th Buffs. He had been too impatient to play his part in the Great War to qualify for a commission, and had joined the ranks.

He and Sir Percy were drawn together by their keen love of nature, and were in close touch with each other for seven years. In 1920, having gained his commission, Captain Cheesman became Private Secretary to Sir Percy, as High Commissioner of Iraq. Work at Baghdad left them little leisure; but Sir Percy brought out, at his own expense, an Anglo-Indian skinner, who had been trained by the Bombay Natural History Society, and he was sent on expeditions into the farthest regions of King Faisal's territories, and along the islands of the Persian Gulf, to collect specimens, whilst the two officers had to content themselves with shorter journeys. The skins were sent in batches to the Natural History Museum. They were kept informed as to what birds and mammals were wanting, so that they were enabled to do their collecting on systematic lines.

These experiences made Captain Cheesman anxious to discover what species inhabited the centre of Arabia; and when permission was sought from the Sultan of Najd, he replied, ' He is welcome; but the birds are only the common ones.' The way was thus open for the naturalist to leave England on October 4, 1923.

When he reached Hufuf, bird, beast, and reptile were all new to him. ' Every day the work of collecting seemed well worth while, something fresh being either secured or marked down for a future excursion.' He had the prospect also of reaching Jabrin. Its palm-groves were surrounded by a veil of mystery, and many tales of wonder and magic were told by the superstitious bedouins who graze their camels in the vicinity. The difficulty was that no rain had fallen for a year, so that the bushes had not grown sufficiently to provide food for the camels.

An Arab Servant.

Major Cheesman had with him an Arab servant, who had come to him at Baghdad as a youth of sixteen, and had become expert in turning out skins. 'Mehdi, though a follower of the Prophet, was not one who allowed his religion to become an obsession, and I felt there was little danger of religious discussions leading him into warfare of words or blows in the bazaar or at the Sultan's Court. Nor was he of the large sect of Islam, who are seized with a desire to pray when mundane tasks, such as moving heavy boxes, would otherwise require their attention.' He was of special value to the two naturalists, who had a menagerie at the Residency. It contained a badger, a cheetah, a brown bear, which had come by aeroplane from Kurdistan, apes, a wild boar, and a pelican. The creatures were manageable when young; but as their wild nature asserted itself, Mehdi alone could be relied on, in the event of an escape, to handle them without fear and with the best prospect of success. He proved his value also when the friends brought two Arabian ostriches, a goliath heron, falcons, and other creatures for presentation to the Zoological Gardens. Mehdi's behaviour at Chelsea was exemplary, and his delight on seeing the King at Wandsworth knew no bounds. He used to tell the wondering crowd of bedouins gathered round the camp-fire in Arabia, 'Many an Arab would give a thousand pounds to see what I have seen with my Sahib for nothing. Have I not salaamed with Melek George (King George)?'

The party landed at Bahrain on the south-west shore of the Persian Gulf. Its pearl-fisheries are world-famed. Only recently a necklace of Bahrain pearls was on sale in London for £250,000. Every year about a thousand sailing-vessels are busy under the command of a kind of admiral. Naked divers bring up the oysters, which are opened on deck. The great pearl merchants have representatives here; and if you ask to see some pearls, the local merchant will fumble in his voluminous garments and produce a soiled and tattered rag, in the nethermost corner of which a shining array of the pearls will be seen.

From the island of Bahrain they crossed to Oquir. They were now in the territory of the Sultan of Najd. The tribesmen under his rule are among the proudest, most independent of spirit, and most difficult to control of any Eastern nation. 'Each tribe, sometimes little more than a large family, is usually at feud with its neighbour; grazing is barely sufficient to feed the flocks and herds; marked boundaries do not exist,

and it is natural that questions of ownership should be settled by fighting, which becomes an annual affair, while the looting of camels grows into a habit.' Abdul Aziz has controlled this unruly element by founding the Ikhwan movement, which he uses as a military force. Peace reigns as it never reigned before. The trade routes, covering hundreds of miles in the interior, are as safe as an English road.

Life in Hufuf.

At Hufuf, Major Cheesman was warmly welcomed by the Governor, Shaik Abdulla, who is regarded with almost filial affection. The guest-house had been prepared for his reception, and meals were sent from the kitchen of Muhammad Effendi, who was deputed to look after him during his stay. A short tour of the palm-groves promised well for future collecting. Little fish were plentiful in the streams, there were big and small butterflies; but, beyond the bulbul and wren warbler, he saw no birds.

Near the guest-house was the street where the coppersmiths were at work all day making coffee-pots with long bird-like beaks. The market was an interesting sight. Veiled women walked along, spinning wool as they went. A coffee-pot retailer sold pots of all sizes; but those which held about half a pint seemed in most demand. An old curiosity shop had a varied assortment of camel furniture, home-woven saddle-bags for donkey or camel, and a loquacious auctioneer, who set forth the wares.

After Sunset.

The half-hour that followed sunset was wonderful. ' The bells of belated donkeys tinkle as their riders urge them to the gates, the sky changes from red to sea-green and silhouettes the grey-white town, faced with its twenty-five-feet-high mud and stone walls with the turreted forts at intervals. Above all rise the minaret and dome of the Mosque. A bulbul singing in the distance is very like the nightingale. It sings and pauses in much the same way, but has not the rich variety of notes. Then the melody of the Governor's camel herdsman is heard as he sings to the unresponsive cattle he is escorting from their daily excursion to some very bare bush-country about eight miles to the south. The cry comes nearer, and at last the herdsman rounds a garden wall astride a black curly-coated camel, with seventy to eighty one-humped camels, old and young, streaming behind him.'

One of the natives had been in London, and was greatly impressed by the dancing at the Savoy Hotel. The London police were a marvel to him. He gave an example of the way they control the traffic: 'And you will hardly believe me, but the policeman never shouts, he never even speaks.' Next to the policemen came the London fog, of which he had seen some good specimens.

When the Sultan came to Hufuf, the Governor seemed to drop out altogether. 'This complete effacement of a luminary on the arrival of a bigger one is a remarkable feature of Arab Society.'

Some Results of the Expedition.

Major Cheesman found that the stories of the endurance of the camel were much exaggerated. The Arab thinks more about his beast than himself. It can go without water for six to eight days without harm. After six days without water, some of Major Cheesman's camels drank nine to ten gallons each. When they were near wells and drinking daily, some hardly took any water, others drank two or three gallons.

One night a wolf invaded their tent in quest of a water-skin. He is 'far in advance of any other animal in intelligence and daring, and must have watched long till he thought every one was asleep. The power of smelling water at a distance was evidently highly developed.'

Major Cheesman gives many interesting facts as to the protective colouring of the desert fauna, and as to the way in which mist and dew supply the want of rain. It was six years since good rains had fallen. The sand dunes retain moisture at a short distance below the surface, so that the moist layer is around the roots of plants.

Major Cheesman made an adventurous journey to Jabrin, and finally reached London with new specimens of birds, fish, reptiles, mammals, and plants, which have added greatly to the scientific knowledge of Unknown Arabia.

CHRISTIANITY IN THE SCHOOL

'We groan over the burden of the Education Rate; we lament the inadequacy of our Sunday Schools. Can it be that we have yet to grow really anxious to see "Christianity in action" in our schools?'

This pertinent question is asked by Dr. Lofthouse in a powerful article in our March Number.

The New Doctor

The Second of the Tales of our Village

By MRS. COULSON KERNAHAN

WHEN old Dr. Jones sold his practice and went to make a home for himself in the South of France, there was much lamentation in Farley. The loss of this old doctor, who for nearly half a century had been the trusted friend of all the villagers, was a dire calamity. Nor were the people of Farley inclined to take kindly to his successor, Dr. Farquar. They had been used to the grey-bearded old doctor, with his corpulent figure and his kindly smile. Dr. Farquar was young and good-looking; but his face was grave, almost to coldness, and his manner unsympathetic. There was something aloof about him. Yet Dr. Jones had said that Dr. Farquar was an extremely clever man, and that if youth was a fault in the eyes of the Farley folk time would mend it.

Then there was the wife—a mere girl, delicate, and frightened-looking, who had never been outside the house since they had arrived, and that was at least four months. The whole village was agog about her. The only person who had seen her in her house was Miss Miffit the dressmaker, who had been sent for to make a ' rest-gown ' for her.

Miss Miffit had reported that Mrs. Farquar was very pretty ' seen close to,' and that she had a most beautiful boudoir, where she apparently passed all her time. Two old servants seemed to ' run the house.' These servants were strictly non-committal. The villagers all knew that, without Miss Miffit's aid. Even had Miss Miffit surprised anything of a private nature at the new doctor's house in her capacity of dressmaker, she would never have divulged it, for this simple soul never made mischief; yet she was wont to weave romances round people with whom she came in contact.

One real romance she had come across in this sleepy village: that was the secret marriage of the daughter of old Target the grocer with Sir Cecil Bretton. That had been wonderful; and now Lady Bretton often came to Farley to stay with her parents for a week end, and often her husband came too; and they went to the chapel with the grocer and his wife on a Sunday. Sometimes Sir Cecil and his wife stayed with Lady Laverdy at the Manor.

That was real romance; but it was two years old, and Miss Miffit was on the look out for a new one. She did not find it at

the new doctor's house. She had a feeling that there was some hidden tragedy lurking behind those pretty window curtains in the house that was situated close on the street, so that if those same curtains had not covered the windows any passer-by might have looked right into the dining-room or the drawing-room.

Opposite the doctor's house was one occupied by Miss Plunket, a well-to-do maiden lady, who owned a motor-car and a most 'inquisitive nose.' She also from the pedestal of her own immaculate character was hypercritical of her fellow-men—and women. Her house was also close upon the street, and she spent hours watching the doctor's windows. How was it that the doctor's young wife was never seen? She had called on her the first week of the new doctor's arrival. That was four months ago. It was now July, and the call had not been returned.

The Rev. John Willowby, Vicar of St. Mary's, certainly went in and out of the doctor's house pretty freely; but this was explainable on the ground that both the vicar and the doctor were Cambridge men. Mr. Willowby was a St. John's College man, and Dr. Farquar had been at Caius College. Miss Plunket's father had been a Cambridge man. He had distinguished himself in a Law Tripos, and had made a fortune as a barrister, the fruits of which Miss Plunket now enjoyed. She had bought a beautiful old house in Farley at the death of her father, and had for some time spent several months of the year there. She was a friendly soul, despite her inquisitiveness and occasional mischief-making. She worked for the church or chapel bazaars. She patronized the village entertainments given in the school. She bestowed food and clothing on the needy in a whole-hearted way. But, in spite of all this, she was no favourite in the village. Old Martin Price the cobbler had been heard to say that he never mended a pair of Miss Plunket's shoes without wishing that he dared leave a nail sticking up inside.

'She do find out the faults of folks and prod them,' he would remark sententiously, 'and her eye for faults and failings don't need spectacles! Why, if she saw an angel's wing, she'd look for a feather out of place.'

But, in reality, Miss Plunket was not an intentional mischief-maker. Her dominating curiosity, which afforded her much entertainment, did certainly lead her into devious ways. She occasionally stumbled on a secret, and that secret became common property in an incredibly short time. Being as we have said a friendly soul, she talked freely to the villagers. She did her own shopping, though she had three servants, and she

garnered and scattered not a little during shopping excursions. In one shop, Target the grocer's, she never made headway. She had tried hard to find out what had become of his handsome daughter, Anna Maria, and had known nothing until that young woman had come back to the village as Lady Bretton.

Now all Miss Plunket's curiosity was centred on the new doctor and his invisible wife. Lady Laverdy of Farley Manor acknowledged having once seen her for a few moments in the garden; but, beyond saying that Mrs. Farquar was pretty and very fragile, she had given Miss Plunket no information.

Miss Plunket was more keen on fathoming the mystery of the new doctor's house than is a hound on the scent of a fox. Nothing seemed to come into her range of vision by day, so she conceived the idea of watching the house at night.

As soon as her three maids had gone to bed, Miss Plunket stationed herself by her dining-room window, having just turned her lamps out. (In Farley neither gas nor electric had an existence.) Her blind was up, but the blinds at the doctor's house were drawn. These blinds, being white, allowed distinguishable shadows to appear upon them.

Miss Plunket discovered that late at night the doctor and his wife were together in their drawing-room. She once saw the shadow of the doctor holding his wife in his arms. Once she saw the doctor pacing up and down restlessly. Then she saw his wife run up to him in some trailing garment and seize his arm, looking up at him the while as if in appeal.

During these night vigils Miss Plunket discovered that Mrs. Farquar was always in the drawing-room at night, and that she and the doctor stayed up very late. She discovered, too, that when Dr. Farquar was called out at night, his wife waited and watched by the window till his return. It struck Miss Plunket as very strange indeed that a woman who was supposed to be an invalid, and who was known to pass her days in her boudoir, should come to the drawing-room at night and remain up so late.

At this time of the year it was light so late that Miss Plunket could not usually add anything to her stock of information till very late indeed. The doctor's house told no tales to her till the blinds were drawn and the lamps were lighted. Sometimes she watched and waited so long without reward, that she got a creepy sensation down her spine. This creepiness was increased by the stealthy movements of rats in the wainscots of her dining-room. As in all very old houses, rats abounded. Farley houses, being all old, were none of them without their

complement of rats. Yet Miss Plunket valiantly kept her watch. There was a mystery about the doctor's house she meant to fathom. Dr. Farquar, with his handsome set face, his reserve, almost forbidding in its excess, gave her the fixed idea that he was cruel. If she could prove that he was behaving cruelly to his young wife, she would expose him and hound him out of the village. She began to clothe her curiosity with a garment of righteousness. She had a mission.

All the village calmly accepted the invalidism of Mrs. Farquar. All the village began to accept Dr. Farquar himself, despite his lack of those qualities which had so endeared old Dr. Jones to them. One reason for this was the fact that Dr. Farquar proved himself a very clever healer. He had somehow got the cobbler's son to walk again, though for years he had not left his bed. But none of them felt that he was a friend they could open their hearts to, as they had done to Dr. Jones.

Miss Plunket lit upon a plan to force an acquaintance with the doctor's mysterious wife. To do her justice, it was not only curiosity which prompted it. She liked to do kind things.

Dr. Farquar had no car, nor had he a carriage. If he needed to go into Hastings, he used the carrier's cart.

Miss Plunket sent a note to Mrs. Farquar asking if she might take her out for a ' spin ' in the cool evenings, and expressing her sympathy with the invalid and her desire to be neighbourly. To her chagrin Dr. Farquar wrote, courteously enough, but making it clear, that his wife wished to be left to follow her own life as she chose, and that she chose retirement for the present.

Miss Plunket was more suspicious than ever after this. Why should Dr. Farquar keep his wife a prisoner? Surely, if she could stay in the drawing-room till so late at night, she was able to take a ride in a motor-car?

Perhaps she was insane? There must be some sinister reason for all this secrecy. Miss Plunket hinted at this to Lady Laverdy when they had a stall together in the bazaar in aid of the church funds. Lady Laverdy, who was the wife of a famous portrait-painter, and herself a very charming and travelled woman, had replied, ' An Englishman's house is his castle; this equally applies to his wife. If Mrs. Farquar wishes to be in retirement for the present, it is surely her affair. However, my husband hopes she will emerge, I assure you; for he caught a glance of her on her arrival, and is most anxious to get permission to paint her. He thinks her an ideal Dante's Beatrice for his big picture.'

Beyond this, Miss Plunket got nothing out of Lady Laverdy. She felt a little affronted. There was a suspicion of censure in Lady Laverdy's tone of voice. She found herself wishing for the autumn, when the Laverdys would take themselves to their Chelsea house until the spring or to some continental spot of their choosing. They only came to Farley Manor in summer.

Well, if no one else would champion the doctor's imprisoned young wife, she, Anne Plunket, would do it. She would keep her watch by night; and if she found out that the poor young wife was kept a prisoner against her will, she would come to the rescue—yes, even if she had to break a window to do it!

One sultry night, not a breath of air stirring, Miss Plunket sat in the shadow at her open dining-room window, watching the doctor's house. She noted that even on this hot evening the window of the drawing-room in the opposite house was not open, except at the top; but the lamps were lit, and from time to time she saw the shadow of the doctor upon the white blind.

She began to be sleepy. It must have been nearing midnight when a woman's shriek startled her into wide-awakeness. Then she saw the shadow of the doctor striking at something with a stick. Again she saw that stick rise and descend savagely. Once more came a woman's piercing shriek.

But Miss Plunket did not go to the rescue. She fainted.

Next morning she found herself in bed, without knowing how she got there. A maid brought her morning tea, and drew the curtains back, flooding the room with sunlight. Miss Plunket remembered last night's scene in a rush of righteous wrath.

Should she go to the police? No, she would first go to Farley Manor and tell Lady Laverdy what she had seen, and teach her a lesson. Dr. Farquar had struck his young wife savagely. She had shrieked in terror. Something had got to be done, and at once. Was a woman to be tortured, or possibly done to death, without any one raising a hand to help her? She had got a good mind to found a society for the prevention of cruelty to wives! There was a society for prevention of cruelty to children, and one for the protection of animals; why were wives left out? Oh, she was glad she had never married! She was not likely to commit such an indiscretion now, for she had reached fifty years of age. Yet the mirror told her that she was still a good-looking woman. Her features were regular, and her grey hair waved naturally. Moreover, she still had a complexion any young girl might have envied. Oh yes, some audacious man might still ask her hand in marriage, she pondered, adding, with a sarcastic

smile, ' Especially as that hand could sign cheques in four figures without anxiety.' But she was too wide awake to be a victim of any man.

Norris, the maid, was moving about in the dressing-room. Her mistress called her. ' Tell Marks I shall want the car in an hour's time,' she said. ' It is now eight o'clock, so he must have it at the door by nine. I shall drive myself.'

Marks was the gardener-chauffeur.

' You look a bit white this morning, madam,' the maid remarked sympathetically. ' Do you feel well enough to drive? '

' Of course I do,' affirmed Miss Plunket stoutly. ' Last night the heat made me feel a bit faint. I am all right to-day.'

' Of course I am right,' Miss Plunket told herself when alone.

All the same, she felt ' trembly ' when she got out of bed. Excitement was answerable for this, she told herself. She must keep a strong hold on herself. She had to rescue that poor young wife from her cruel husband. The terrible shriek she had heard haunted her. Mrs. Farquar ought to bring an action against her husband; she ought to get a separation. She, Anne Plunket, would gladly pay the law expenses. She wished she did not feel so shaky. Curious that she should have fainted last night, wasn't it? She must have fainted; for she remembered slipping to the floor, and hearing the clock strike an hour much later than she had supposed it was. She must have got upstairs somehow after that and gone to bed. She could not recall anything about that. She could not remember fainting before in her life. She would feel better after her bath and breakfast.

At the appointed hour Miss Plunket got into her car. She looked more herself, and was smartly gowned in grey-and-white muslin, and wore a black picture-hat. The morning was glorious. The scent of some late hay filled the air, as she sped along a curving lane flanked by high hedge-banks. The lane was very long, and curved continually. It was also narrow. Miss Plunket sounded her horn almost the whole time. She was a careful driver, but to go ' dead slow ' this morning was out of the question. She must catch Lady Laverdy before she went out. Lady Laverdy had a way of going out early. She must have a talk with her, and get her advice how best to go to work. Mr. Willowby was out of the question. He was hand-and-glove with Dr. Farquar. Lady Laverdy would be entirely with her when she was told of last night's terrible scene.

All at once Miss Plunket was vaguely conscious that the sunlit lane was less clear: a fog seemed to have descended from

nowhere—or was it a recurrence of last night's faintness? All she could think of was sounding her horn. She fancied she heard another a great way off. What a queer thing that a fog should come on in a minute like this! She had best slow down. But her hands slipped limply from the wheel. Then came a thundering crash; an oblivion followed it.

The next thing Miss Plunket knew was that she was in bed in her own room, and Dr. Farquar was standing by the bedside, looking down on her with troubled eyes. She saw a uniformed nurse going out at the door.

'What has happened?' she asked in her old imperious way.

'You have turned the corner, Miss Plunket,' the doctor told her. 'You will soon be yourself again. You had a motor accident a week ago.'

Miss Plunket raised herself slightly from the pillow, and caught sight of a bandaged head in the wardrobe mirror.

'You are the last person I could wish to attend me, Dr. Farquar,' she said acidly.

The doctor drew up a chair to the bedside and sat down.

'I want a talk with you, Miss Plunket,' he said very gently. 'You have been making a great mistake. Oh, I know everything! You told the whole story in your delirium. I have sent the nurse away, so that I can talk to you. You saw my shadow on the blind. I was striking with a stick. You heard my wife scream. Miss Plunket, I was killing a rat, which had terrified my poor wife.

'Now I will tell you her story. She had a terrible experience, which broke her nerves completely. Her relatives and mine wanted me to break off the engagement. I married her, because I loved her, and she loved me. I could not and would not forsake her when she needed so much more love and care than before the breakdown. Besides, I felt that I alone could restore her to mental and physical health again. It was her own desire that she should not come into contact with strangers till she was quite herself again. She is rapidly recovering, and I know that in a short time she will be just what she used to be, the dearest, brightest little woman in the world. A black cloud has lifted from my life, and I can smile once more. You thought me grim and aloof, I know. You thought me cruel. I was just suffering, and controlling myself—keeping myself sternly in hand to do my work. I am not blaming you, Miss Plunket, for misunderstanding. What you saw on that blind, my dear little wife's screams, my whole attitude, together with my wife's

isolation—I see now that my proud reserve was a mistake. I should have let people understand at least a little.

'Now I have said enough. I have spoken now, so that your mind may be at rest. You would have resented my presence, you might even have dismissed me, if I had not explained; and I want to pull you through, and make you hale and hearty again. You had a shock that night, and your maid told me you were not fit to drive the car next morning. There is nothing wrong with you but a scalp wound, which will soon heal. But you will let me continue to look after you?'

He looked at her with a radiant smile as if sure of her answer.

She stretched out a hand to him, which he took in a friendly grip. 'Oh, to think——' she exclaimed, turning her bandaged head away to hide two tears that ran down her cheeks.

'Don't think,' he told her gently. 'We all judge wrongly some time in our lives. Let us be friends! I know you have a good heart. You believed that you were destined to be the deliverer of the unhappy victim of a cruel husband. Well, you understand now. It will please you to know that my dear little wife will very soon take her place with the rest of you. Get well, and take her out for a few drives; but not if you feel faint!' (He laughed a little.) 'My wife's life is too precious to be risked.'

'Oh, doctor, you are curing me of more than one complaint!' Miss Plunket told him humbly. 'You are curing me of "judging" and—and, of idle curiosity. I feel so ashamed!'

That was how a great and lasting friendship grew up between the new doctor, his wife, and the maiden lady opposite. It was also the cause of that historic 'Rat Raid' which took place in Farley, and was of such an amusing nature that it got pictured in the London dailies. No expert was called in. All the villagers joined up in the war on rats. Many and varied methods were employed, all to one end. But what caused most amusement was Miss Plunket herself, who personally conducted an army of youths with a number of mongrel dogs, to be ready when Farmer Powlet's straw-stack was moved.

Great was the slaughter!

Then Miss Plunket gave an open-air tea to the 'Army' on the Bowling Green. No objection was raised to using the Green for the purpose, as the yokels who played bowls at Farley did not take the game seriously, but just amused themselves sleepily with antiquated 'woods' on summer evenings.

But the great event of the village in Miss Plunket's eyes was the birth of a son to Dr. Farquar the following summer. She

was the proud godmother. At last she found an object on which to lavish her pent-up affection. This baby boy was to her the most wonderful thing in the world, and to be godmother was (she told herself a little wistfully) the nearest approach to motherhood she would ever know. She fashioned beautiful garments for him. She motored into Hastings to purchase hosts of toys for him, to be ready when he was old enough to play with them. She really could not wait till that time came! And the young mother of this baby came into a share of the petting, and she sometimes roguishly called Miss Plunket ' my Deliverer.'

Sir John Laverdy had already got his wish about painting the portrait of Mrs. Farquar, and Miss Plunket made up her mind that her godson ' John ' should be painted by him too, as soon as he got to the ' pretty age,' which his father declared was not yet!

One morning a happy inspiration came to Miss Plunket. It was during breakfast, and she chuckled to herself over it. She would present John with a fine motor-car, which his father should have the use of—with Baby's permission!

That was the secret of a sudden flight to London. Miss Plunket was very mysterious about this journey; but her funlit eyes told the Farquars that a delightful surprise was in store. They guessed it was something concerning John. But when a few days later a fine car stood at their door with a card attached bearing the words, ' John, from Godmother,' the doctor and his wife could only gasp. How they had wished for a car! They did not know how much they had wished for one till it came!

Molly Farquar shed a few happy tears.

' You will go for your holiday in it,' pronounced Miss Plunket, when they had both run over to Godmother's house to try (and to fail) to say all that was in their hearts; for their hearts were full to overflowing.

' Yes, you will go for a holiday in it,' Miss Plunket repeated. ' It is big and roomy, and will take John's nurse and John's belongings, and your luggage, and still leave room to spare. You have never had a holiday since you came to Farley, and you have got to get a locum tenens and install him. You have got to set about packing. You can choose a place afterwards.' Miss Plunket ' commanded,' much as she had done in the ' Rat Raid.'

' We obey on one condition,' said Mrs. Farquar.

' What is the condition? ' asked Miss Plunket suspiciously.

' That you go with us! ' replied Molly, laughing.

' Yes, that you go with us,' chimed in the doctor.

' Then it is settled,' Miss Plunket replied, beaming.

The Money Problem in the Church

By HERSTON TRAVERS

IF we were to ask our church members, ' Do we bow down to money? ' the majority would answer with an emphatic negative. We call ourselves a democratic Church, and pride ourselves on the fact that the poorest amongst us are welcomed into membership and office. Yet sometimes there creeps in unconsciously that little bit more of attention to a newcomer with money than to a newcomer to a municipal house.

Again, in committee meetings the opinion of a man of many pounds often carries more weight than that of the man with few. We fear to offend Mr. So-and-so because he is such a good friend to the Cause, and we let him do and say what we should not tolerate from one of the new poor. If the richer man realized this, he would in many cases be the first to draw back from pressing his opinion, preferring that his wishes and ideas should be taken at their real value. He would not want them to be accepted mainly because we had an eye on his Treasury notes. In many churches the members, without intention, yet with a sort of guilelessness, make little tin gods of some rich men. We allow their money to cover a multitude of unpleasant ' little ways ' to which we should give short shrift in the brother of low degree or shallower purse. We become cowardly in opposing such benefactors, for we fear to divert a very useful stream of gifts. We wake up later to find that imperceptibly these men have much more power in their hands than is at all good for them or for the Church. We wait for them to pronounce; and if they agree to a proposition, we all meekly give way and sink our own opinions for the time, though we sometimes growl about it afterwards.

The position of the rich man is not easy. Perhaps few of us realize how difficult it is for him to avoid perfunctory giving. Every one turns to him and expects subscriptions for all manner of ' causes '; and if any are refused, he is dubbed mean and miserly.

Will the day ever come when all gifts are anonymous? It is a vexed question, I know, this matter of subscription lists; but haven't we sometimes writhed inwardly at Foreign Missionary meetings and chapel openings when the lists of subscriptions

are read? Too often we hear the names of those who are able to give a guinea and over, while many whose giving may have been far more sacrificial go unrecognized under the heading 'Small Sums.' Have we not been guilty sometimes of applauding the announcement of the large gifts, and allowing the ordinary guineas to go by with little notice? Surely these things ought not to exist among us. We do not learn for ourselves the lesson from the story of the widow's mite.

I have often heard it argued that the publishing of names in a subscription list, or a challenge to give so much if ten more will do the same, acts as a proper stimulus and promotes generous giving. If we need this sort of stimulus, we are in a sorry way. There are some stimulants, such as alcohol, that are very dangerous, and the use of them creates a recurring need. Are we truly giving unto the Lord when we weigh up our gifts something in this fashion?—'Let's look at the list of subscribers. Hum, So-and-so a guinea. I should have thought he'd do better than that. I shouldn't like to do less than Mr. Smith. It looks bad for a man in my position. I shall have to knock off some other subscription, for this is such a public affair. I don't want to feel ashamed when the list is read out. Well, here goes!'

If all gifts were anonymous, and there were no bogey to scare us as to what other people might say or think, our gifts would be far more genuine. Our hearts would then be in harmony with the words we so often sing:

We give Thee but Thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be;
All that we have is Thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.

To some people giving is a real sacrifice and offering to God, and to make such gifts public is as searing to our souls as to voice our most intimate prayers in public.

In choosing a chairman for some meeting at which the collection is an important feature, how easy it is to allow ourselves to be guided by his probable gift of money rather than by his suitability as a chairman. We do not consider whether he will lift the tone of the meeting to a high level, but whether he will swell the collection sufficiently.

'How much do you think he is good for?' is a phrase we too often hear in this connexion; and the question is followed by a few details as to what this man did on former occasions and for other churches—all matters which should not be brought into open discussion.

We sometimes choose the lady opener for a bazaar, not for her gracious personality or her gift of wise speech; but we ask the one who will 'buy well,' and we quizz over her reputation as a buyer at our former bazaars. Poor lady! Does she guess, I wonder, as her lynx-eyed critics note her buying, how they are calculating what she has been 'worth' to them, and if she has satisfied their highest hopes, so that she will be honoured by a future invitation?

Perhaps some of you may think this criticism is written in a bitter spirit; but let me assure you that I have never opened a bazaar nor taken a chair, but I have been on many a committee of arrangements, and been heartily sorry about the attitude of mind that has been shown. I have felt it to be so unworthy of Christ's followers and such a degradation of His Church.

We let the sordid element of 'getting all we can' creep in little by little until it becomes a joke. Ought we not to raise our ideal on these matters?

We have in many places made a great and wonderful advance in systematic giving by means of the Envelope System. In some churches these gifts have been absolutely anonymous, as they should be; but in others this wise method has not been in vogue, and by slow degrees the old habit of speculating upon and discussing others' gifts has spoiled the whole beautiful idea. Why are we such Paul Prys where others' gifts are concerned? They are certainly no business of ours.

I sincerely believe that the Envelope System would be infinitely more successful if in every church it were worked upon the secrecy basis, the minister only knowing the names represented by numbers.

When arranging for children to be collectors either for the Young Leaguers' Union, Foreign Missions, New Chapel schemes, or any other cause, can we not put before them a high ideal of *service* both in giving themselves and in collecting from others? To give a prize to the one who collects most, or to clap the one who collects most, is very unfair; for in many instances the child of 'one of our best families'—as the phrase goes—heads the list, not because he has worked hardest, but because richer friends and relatives have helped to swell his total.

Mother England

An American's First Visit to the Land of His Ancestors

By HARRY WEBB FARRINGTON, D.D.

I.

WHILE it is becoming a commonplace expression to say that the world is a neighbourhood, as yet it is no more of a brotherhood than are the occupants of a thirty-seven-floor New York city apartment house, a happy harmonious family, since the majority of the tenants do not know the people who live across the hall. It is true that the World War brought together some of the races, many men, and a few women; but it took place upon the soil of only five or six nations. However, it soon began to dawn upon the observing that folks, of whatever colour or race, were, after all, just about the same at heart.

I knew members of many different nationalities; but I knew the French best of all. I knew them from the most humble poilu to the most prominent civilian, from the wretched criminal to the distinguished general. I became, and still am, a great admirer and friend of France; but never at the expense of any other nation. I had the idea that the French and the American were similar in ideals and temperament, and that our political ideas of liberty brought France closer to us than any nation.

America's Real Motherhood.

Be that as it may, and granting that our population has passed out of the Anglo-Saxon dominance of the New England Puritan, and the Virginia Cavalier, by the presence of the Teuton, Romance, Semitic, and even Hamitic strains, there are enough bonds, deep and aged, which incline us to call England 'Mother.' I at least may be permitted to speak for that section of our people since I am of British blood. Of this I was made aware, first, while visiting at tea a well-known London art connoisseur, and was shown a gentleman in oil, bearing my own name, who lived in Lancaster in the time of Elizabeth. Yes, he did have the Farrington head. Again, while stopping at Tavistock Square, adjoining Russell Hotel, I was reminded by my cousin that these were once the lands of Lord Russell and the Earl of Tavistock, truly members of the family of my mother, who was a Russell. This will not prejudice me upon the question of America's real motherhood, either now or in the future; but it

will give me some reason for speaking for the British section at least of our American ancestry.

It seems to me that the story of England and America is the chronicle of a boy having adventured away from the hearth-stone, so far away that within a few years he feels that he must be the head of his own—a new family. After he has made good, he comes back home to his mother to show to her all the unique and wonderful contraptions that he has invented to help him in his increasing family and his enlarging business. To stand off now at a distance and see it in perspective, it seems that it has been a good thing both for England and America that the Fourth of July occurred. How interesting it would be to read a thesis forecasting what would have happened had the tea been left on board the ships in Boston Harbour!

A Mother Four-square.

America has come back to see Mother, and not so much for Mother to look at America. Let us keep out of the picture just now the bare-headed, suspendered, bestriding braggart as he is sometimes pictured; or as a contemporary London writer in journalism paints him—'a person very enthusiastic and continually excited, because of the native invigorating air.' I am wondering if this is the reason why we seem to eat so much ice-cream! It may be a necessity. While he has come back, able to show Mother something that will make her open her eyes wide, and 'sit up and take notice,' I am deeply convinced that she has, as a mother in her maturity, conserved some things which, the older we grow, the more indispensable they will become, and the greater will be our lack and loss without them.

A real mother is a steady, adequate, substantial, and comprehensive kind of person. Her life is simple rather than complex, deep and not superficial. While her task seems to absorb her in the humdrum and monotony of the present work-a-day world, quietly but surely does she have the eye of memory deep back into the past and her vision far distant into the future. While she seems confined within the walls of her own threshold, no heart or eye or hand has a richer or more emotional hold upon the out-of-doors. While the great areas of History, Nature, and Heaven are the spheres of her being, her life seems to be spelled with a small 'l'; for though she is far off in her reach, her hands and feet are generally shaded by the branches of her own vine and fig-tree.

So when I try to conceive England, it is not as cousin or sister,

or brother or father, or grandfather or even grandmother, but Mother England. She seems to me to be a mother four-square.

First, mother is reminiscent. She lives in the Past. It is hard to induce her to give up the ' old possessions.'

Second, mother dwells in the Present with things, her head bent down as though there never were a sunrise or a star.

Third, mother lives in the To-day with folks. She is so busy waiting on people, that she does not seem to know any other place except the kitchen, the dining-room, the porch, and the tea-tables under the trees.

However, fourth, mother is gazing with her inward eyes into the Future.

If you could watch her in all her waking hours, it would be well worth while to hear the music and the words she is humming. It would be invaluable to glance over her shoulders and see the kind of stories that she likes to read. It is very hard to build a home without a mother. It is harder to build the earth into the Father's house without the qualities that mother adds. If England is mother to any part of America, let us see in what this motherhood consists.

MOTHER ENGLAND IS REMINISCENT

England lives in the Past. She is rooted in her own history. She loves to keep the old pictures on the walls downstairs. She will fill the cellar and the attic with what daughter calls ' rubbish,' rather than throw it away. The old chair will be mended and mended. The tea-kettle will be soldered, and the broken china glued. The old house will be patched up, and wings and gables will be added without spoiling the unity and the beauty of the whole. While she likes the pictures of landscapes, she prefers grandfather in oil, or great-uncle the soldier, or her husband's great-great-grandfather who was such and such. She has reverence for the family, for the things and persons of her history.

Places and Personages of the Past.

Mother England has reverence for the places, the personages, and the possessions of her past. The X-Ray's success in finding the painter's initials beneath the varnish on a masterpiece, some new light on the mystery of Stonehenge, the likely discovery of the location of the first harbour of the invading Romans are front-page newspaper material. Mother England seems less interested in what she is doing or is going to do, than in what and who she is, what she did, and where she came from.

I saw the aged Canon of Lincoln Cathedral pass the statue of Tennyson, which showed the poet holding an ivy leaf in his hand, with the lone remark that it reminded him of a porter looking disappointedly at the coin in his hand which proved to be a penny rather than an expected shilling; impatient to climb to the lofty library to pull down from the top shelf for my benefit a fifteenth-century book containing wood-block cuts of wonderful biblical subjects. At Cambridge University, the Rev. W. Harold Beales, pastor of the Wesleyan Church, who graciously took upon himself the rôle of our private guide, passed by the modern scientific laboratories headed by some of the world's leading scientists, with the briefest mention, to show us the paintings, windows, and architecture of a dozen ancient colleges, and to give to us the traditions of only such men as Erasmus, Milton, Newton, and Harvard. At Southampton the car tracks on the main street are narrowed in order to keep intact an ancient gate. In Whitby, Winchester, and many other places workmen are constantly busy reinforcing the fragile walls and weakening arches of the great abbeys and old places. A boy in the cellar of an Oxford book-shop seemed better acquainted with the periods of the strange arches of the crypts in the cellar floor than he did with the books I was seeking. There was very little information or publicity as to where are built the great locomotives that run so smoothly in contrast to ours; but every one told me, when I mentioned that I was going to Darlington, to be ' sure to see the first locomotive in the end of the station.' Your friends, if they live in Portsmouth, will rush you right past the greatest of the super-Dreadnoughts to show you the *Victory* being thoroughly restored, to have you stand right by the spot where Nelson died at Trafalgar.

Mother England lives back in the precious places and personages of the past. She wants her children to sit down and think upon them.

Lasting Impressions.

She venerates the builders of her religion. She reverences the Church and the churches of her ancestors. I learned that there were forty sanctuaries of the Established Church in the City of London with hardly any congregations; but I am quite sure that it would take a majority in Parliament or a referendum of the whole City population to move one in the interests of business. One of the first but lasting impressions that came to me upon my first visit to England was the deep, thorough, and enthusiastic

interest the leaders of British Methodism have in their founders and their own Church. The question of the authenticity of a picture of John Wesley by George Romney became a stirring controversy in the pages of London's leading daily. A two-days' programme that reached from an old-fashioned, out-of-door hymn-singing to a message broadcasted from Britain's one radio station celebrated the evangelical conversion of the Wesleys. Sixty thousand dollars have been wisely and carefully expended to preserve and beautify the chapel and last house of Wesley at 47 City Road. Decipherment of the shorthand codes of John Wesley is being assiduously and lovingly continued to bring to the world every possibly-known word he uttered. Mother Methodism believes in the Wesleys, their message, and their work. The enthusiasm of the men I met in London was compelling and contagious. Mother England, including Mother Methodism, still believes that there were giants in those days—days of the making of masterpieces in flesh as well as in oils.

'Oh yes, you have invented many new and wonderful things, my boys, and have gathered in many bags of gold; but I am not so sure that you have better men, paintings, books, or furniture,' I can hear Mother say. 'See,' she continues, 'you have been copying the outside of our old house; you have asked me for some of my old lanterns and those old hard leather-bound books, and are offering me shining gold for my precious old chairs!' 'Ah, my boy, you have to come back to Mother, don't you?' However, she adds, 'But, old as I am, I am dying with curiosity to venture across that wide, wide ocean to see your new home. Is it as beautiful as the pictures you sent me?'

Yes, Mother England lives in the Past—that is, with one hand at least stretched back to protect her heritage; but with the other she is busy and interested in keeping the old home clean, beautiful, and fresh as though it were new: for she will rise from her rocker in the midst of her treasures and say, 'Come, my boy; I want to show you something outside of the house.'

ARE THE ENGLISH GROWING LAZY?

Dean Inge declares that 'the slackness of the British workman excites the surprise and contempt of all foreign observers, especially of the Americans, who rightly see in it a very ominous symptom of national deterioration.'

Is this grave indictment true? Read in our March Number what Mr. A. J. Edmonds says about it.

The Lord's Day—in Modern Light

By FRANK BALLARD, M.A., B.Sc., D.D.

II.

WHEN it is asked what can be done to stem the tide of modern irreligious indifference towards all Christian appreciation of the possible rest, and peace, and blessing of the Sunday, as being truly the Lord's Day, the very first thing to be made clear and impressive is the difference between it and the Jewish Sabbath; together with the reasons why, from the earliest growth of Christianity until now, and henceforth, the first day of the week is for every real Christian even more sacred than the seventh day could be to any pious Jew. The difference, which every preacher and every Church should rejoice to make manifest, is twofold. It is an unmeasured difference, alike in ideal and in obligation.

The Ideal—and the Obligation.

As to the ideal. In public church services, the 58the chapter of Isaiah is not seldom read—without note or comment—as if it was the Christian pattern for the Lord's Day. But a moment's careful reading and honest thought show that it is not. The Christian ideal is far from being expressed in the last two verses of that chapter. So far as it can be put into few words, in addition to those of Jesus Himself, the apostle's summary in Phil. iv. 8, with Gal. v. 22, and the whole of the Psalm of Love in 1 Cor. xiii., may be blended to express it. But, one may ask, are not these for every day? Why a special ideal for the Christian Sunday?

The answer to such a reasonable question is found in the other difference from the Sabbath of the old Dispensation, namely, as to its obligation. The reasons for the observance of the Lord's Day are as much deeper and stronger than those for the former Sabbath, as the gospel of Jesus is deeper and stronger and higher than the law of Moses. Those who trace back the ' origin of the Sabbath ' to an original divine intention that there should be a weekly day of rest, need not be contradicted. Such a weekly pause is certainly older than the law of Moses. But the Christian obligation for the Lord's Day rests neither upon Moses nor upon anything preceding Hammurabi. It rests not upon

any categorical command at all. There is no ' law of the Lord's Day ' in the New Testament. For none is needed. The ' law of Christ,' in this as in all other elements of the Christian ideal, is a law of love, not of threat or penalty. It is just the same obligation as in regard to another benediction of our Christian service—' Do this in remembrance of Me.' The true Christian keeps the Day, as he keeps the Supper, not as a slave to ancient law, or in fear of any dire consequence of neglect, but for love's sake—the strongest of all obligations on earth or in heaven.

It was on the first day of the week that Jesus showed Himself triumphant over death to His sorrowing and bewildered disciples; and on that day also He appeared again to them, on all the occasions before His final departure. How could there possibly be any more impressive crowning of that day as His own, the harbinger of that new and better Covenant of which He was Himself the pledge? Rightly, indeed, did the early Christians see not only that His resurrection was the sign of the passing away of the old Covenant and the sure ground of their new faith, but that the day on which it was made known to them must be for evermore the sacred memorial of His truth and love, His tragedy and triumph.

One Standard of Right and Wrong.

From such an estimate of the first day of the week, great consequences necessarily follow. Our forefathers, like the Jews, regarded the ' desecration ' of the Sabbath as a heinous offence. But there is more reason to lament and protest against the desecration of the Lord's Day. For it is far worse to trample on love than on law. To scorn the love of God is deeper sin than to break the law of Moses. To regard the first day of the week as a mere ' Sunday ' is sheer heathenism; whilst to set no store by the Lord's Day is to contemn Him of whose truth and love it is the memorial. The Christian gospel knows nothing of ' sabbath-breaking '; but the ' breaking ' of the Lord's Day, by ignoring all that it stands for, is grievous sin indeed. For in treating the day as insignificant, it treats Christ Himself as a trifle; and so ' crucifies the Son of God afresh, and puts Him to an open shame.' Even in human relationships, the scorn of love is the deadliest of all offences, and the least pardonable. How much more when the love of God in Jesus, the crucified and risen Lord, is tossed aside as of no concern, compared with golf, or tennis, or joy-rides in motor-cars! The sin of those who are content thus to spend their Sundays, is not in what they do, but

in what they leave undone. To leave human love out of a home is to make it a hell. To leave the love of God in Jesus Christ out of a human life is to reduce it to animal existence, whether coarse or refined.

But the hallowing of the Lord's Day because it rests on love, and not on law, is also the embodiment of ' the law of Christ,' which equally confers liberty and enjoins sympathy. In the same letter—to the Galatians—in which Paul bids the disciples ' stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ has made you free, and be not again entangled in the yoke of bondage,' he presses upon them that the law of liberty means ' bear ye one another's burdens.' The Christian Lord's Day affords measureless scope for fulfilling both these injunctions. The timorous hesitation of some sincere believers as to whether it is ' right ' to go for a walk, or read the newspaper, or do house-work or other such things, on the Sunday, is really pitiful in the light of Christ's gospel. For the Christian there is only one standard of right and wrong —all the days of the week are alike in this respect. But as the apostle said—' All things are lawful, but not all things are expedient.' There is such a thing as fitness for all occasions. To attend a funeral in a ball dress, or to accompany a picnic in funereal attire, would not in either case be sinful, but it would be heartless and incongruous. Unless the whole story of the Cross is a myth, and the Resurrection a fable, there is something as justifiable as inexpressible in the atmosphere of reverent love which remembers these, with all their consequences; and something pitiful, if not unpardonable, in the jaunty indifference which ignores them in caring for nothing more than sensuous or selfish enjoyments.

The Principle of Love's Liberty.

Moreover, the very principle of love's liberty as to ' observing ' the Lord's Day, operates in regard to others quite as much as to oneself, and includes due reference to all the vast differences of circumstance, temperament, and taste, which characterize our modern populations. The sympathy which is inseparable from the apostolic love ideal in 1 Cor. xiii. and elsewhere can never be content to close public museums and libraries to those who on Sunday desire them or prevent music in public parks for the enjoyment of the many who have no opportunities at home. There need be no clash with the usual times of religious worship. Though it must be borne in mind, that if all the population should on some Sunday desire to attend Christian worship, no room

could be found for more than a fraction of them. So that even if they all wished so to hallow the first day of the week, as truly the Lord's Day, they would have to do it in unconventional ways. It is not likely, however, that such a contingency will soon arise. Nor is there any possibility of bringing it to pass by drastic action of any kind.

All that remains, therefore, for Christian believers and Churches, in these days—assuming their desire to preserve and increase the sacred value of Sunday as the Lord's Day, and for that very reason a day of rest and peace, of genuine happiness and gracious opportunity, for the whole community—is to make the very best and utmost of each recurring Sunday on truly Christian lines. That would mean for each individual the cultivation of the highest and worthiest thoughts in his or her own heart, so as to be 'in the Spirit on the Lord's day.' Then also, especially, the diffusion of that spirit throughout the home; together with every effort to make both the Sunday School and the opportunities for public worship, in the best sense attractive, and to the utmost extent influential. Such suggestions are confessedly mere platitudes; but there is no other way. There is no royal road, or short cut, to the Kingdom of Heaven on earth. As the Lord's Day is one of its surest bulwarks, so will that bulwark only be built up and maintained by the united 'patience in well doing' of all who profess and call themselves Christians. To each man, or woman, or child, as to a whole nation, the Lord's Day will be a day of light or darkness, dullness or inspiration, unselfish gladness or sheer animal satisfaction, just in proportion as Jesus Himself is either a mere far-distant name, or the real, living, loving Lord, whose everlasting nearness is the mainspring of all life's highest joys, and the hallowing influence of every ordinary day.

True Prayer

By HARRY BISSEKER, M.A.

True prayer is the realization of the soul's intercourse with God, and this is best attained sometimes by speech and sometimes by *silence*. Many of us limit our attainment in prayer by laying stress on the former and underestimating or even disregarding the latter. If, instead of being in a hurry to begin speaking, we would wait quietly and try to understand what it means to 'call on Him as Father, who without respect of persons judgeth according to each man's work,' we should receive that reverent 'fear,' that sense of deep solemnity, which would, at its outset, make our prayer a much more *real* experience.

Partnership in Miracles

By MARK GUY PEARSE

LET us set the scene of the miracle before us. A marriage in the East is always a matter of much greater festivity than with us. It was a poor household, and to want wine or other provision would have been an outrage of hospitality unpardonable by the guests. It was on the mother of Jesus that the burden of preparation rested and who became responsible for the supply.

At one end of the apartment is the portion that was the guest-chamber. Beyond it were the mother and servants busied in the preparation for the feast and in waiting on the guests.

Now comes Jesus with some of His disciples. He needed, as they did, rest and refreshment; but whilst the others tarried in the guest-chamber, welcomed by the governor of the feast, Jesus is with His mother and the servants. He who came, not to be ministered unto but to minister, finds His place with them. It were well indeed if we ever remembered His example and His bidding. His command is, 'Let him who is your minister be your servant man.' How different had been the history of the Church, and how different the position of the Church to-day, had that command been obeyed! 'Be towelled with humility,' said St. Peter, as if we were ever to be ready for the lowliest ministry and service.

How the Partnership Begins.

The anxious mother comes in her trouble: 'They have no wine.'

Thus do miracles begin—seeing the want of those about us, and setting ourselves with eagerness to meet it. Look at it in the case of Moses, the greatest of the miracle-workers. There is a man who sees the miseries of his people, who makes those miseries his own, surrendering for their sakes all the splendour of the court and the possibility of the throne. And through him God wrought their triumph over the might of Pharaoh and his armed hosts, and led them into the goodly land. That yearning pity lies ever at the heart of the miracle. The Heavenly Father, who waits to fulfil our prayers, waits ever to fulfil that pity. From Him it comes. He prompts it, and His power waits to accomplish it. Look at the amazing number of societies that have risen within the last sixty or seventy years—orphanages, homes, the blessed provision for the poor, the societies for the prevention of cruelty. Surely no age has seen so many miracles; and the coming age shall see yet greater things than these.

As an illustration take the story of Mr. Spurgeon's Orphanage. It had been laid upon his mind that, in addition to the great work which he was doing at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, he should found an orphanage. As he said, 'The God that answereth by orphanages let Him be God.' But how was he to set about it? Away in the north of London was a clergyman's widow to whom came a similar impression. She had £20,000 at her disposal on which there were no claimants or dependants, and she resolved to devote this to the work of founding an orphanage. In consultation with a friend on the matter, he suggested, it is said to his own surprise, the name of Mr. Spurgeon. It was equally a surprise to the lady. The offer of the £20,000 was made, and forthwith Mr. Spurgeon proceeded with his orphanage.

This yearning Christlike pity is the supreme need of the world, the eager compassion that cannot get away from the thought of its wants and its sorrows—that dreams of it, and plans and toils for its remedy as other men toil for fame and fortune. The deadliest heresy and the steepest downgrade that any Church can get on is to be content with a religion that lacks the loving and yearning heart of Jesus Christ. The greatest hindrance to the Kingdom of God is that smug religion that sings very sweetly of its own little heaven, but is all forgetful of the sheep without a shepherd that are, alas! so tired and often have no place to lie down. The divine compassion must dwell in us richly, or we have no right to the name of Jesus Christ.

The Contagion of a Loving Purpose.

Turn again to the story of the wedding. Jesus said, 'Woman, what have I to do with thee? Mine hour is not yet come.'

The word seems harsh, repellent. But we need to hear His voice, to see His face. Judge of these by the result. The mother came with a complaint; but she hurried away with a wondering expectation and confidence, and turned to the servants with the bidding, 'Whatsoever He saith unto you do it.'

So sometimes has a cloud risen in the heavens dark and threatening; but it got the sun behind it, and was melted into nothingness. The mother saw His face behind the words, and they were melted into tenderness.

Then Jesus said, 'Fill the waterpots with water.' How wellnigh impossible to work a miracle through a committee! Who of us does not know the man who would have said at once, 'What! Fill the waterpots with water! Whatever for? We don't want water, we want wine. The whole thing is a mistake.'

God can do anything with simple souls who are ready to do

His bidding with a glad obedience, prompt and unquestioning. But those who are always ready to see difficulties and make objections defeat the miracle. It is a terrible power. *He could there do no mighty work.* The news so great, the love yearning to bless, the power almighty—yet all undone! Omnipotence made powerless!

Let us remember that we dare not be content with doing less than our best when God waits to do for us His best. When we do only what we can, we do without God.

It is good to turn to the servants and to see how they catch from the mother the confidence that she has found in Jesus. Blessed is the contagion of a loving purpose! We see them hurrying away to the well and back again, and yet again, until the waterpots are filled to the brim. We can understand why the Lord Jesus chose simple fishermen to be His disciples. He could do nothing with the scribes and Pharisees, who thought they knew so much, and were always trying to prove it.

Faith's Splendid Venture.

Then Jesus said, ' Draw out now, and bear to the governor of the feast.'

It was indeed an audacious thing to do, to dip the jug into the water-jar, and then to go to the guests offering wine! The Revised Version indicates that whilst being poured it then became wine. Faith is always a splendid venture, as when Peter, at the bidding of the Master, walked on the sea, and found it as an adamantine floor. A venture as when the eagle thrusts its young into the empty air that it may find its wings, so faith unfolds within us a new and divine faculty, which sees Him who is invisible and finds all things made possible.

We set before us the picture of the guests chatting together of village matters as the servants come to give them the wine. As each sips it there is a silence. Then says the governor of the feast to the bridegroom, ' Well, this is wine indeed. You have kept the best wine till the last.' And there is a chorus of praise as one and another partake of it.

Was it intoxicating? Some say confidently, Yes; others as confidently say, No. In that matter men will believe what they prefer. The best answer is that of good Josiah Nix when challenged by a publican. He took up the glass of water before him and said, ' My Master made His wine of good water. When you make the beer of the same thing, I will drink some of it.' The publican joined in the laugh that followed.

The Oldest Religious Periodical in the World

By JOHN BLACKET, South Australia

II.

THE MAGAZINE AFTER WESLEY'S DEATH

WESLEY passed away in 1791, having published thirteen volumes of the Magazine. After Wesley's death George Story, 'preacher of the gospel,' was appointed Editor, on what ground I am not able to state. In the ranks of the Methodist ministry there were evidently men more gifted and scholarly than Story. For example, there were Joseph Benson and Adam Clarke. What a fine mind Clarke had, and how varied and extensive his scholarship!

Joseph Benson.

Story held the position of Editor for about five years; then the Magazine came into the competent hands of the Rev. Joseph Benson. Benson was no ordinary personality. In the annals of Methodism his name will stand out as long as the race endures. To do full justice to him would require more space than the Editor could place at my disposal. In 1839 the Centenary of Methodism was celebrated. In connexion with that event the Rev. James Everett published a book with the title *Wesleyan Centenary Takings*. Everett was an injudicious but able man. No unprejudiced person to-day could read his book without perceiving in its pages the literary gift. The book came under the ban of the Methodist Conference, and has long been 'out of print'; but fortunately I possess a copy. The *Centenary Takings* were pen-and-ink sketches of noted men in the Methodist ministry during the one hundred years of Methodist Church history. In those *Takings* I find the most condensed and vivacious of all the portraitures of Benson. Everett makes Joseph Benson live before us.

As Joseph Benson stood 'unassociated in name,' so in many other respects he stands alone to posterity in the midst of his brethren—a man among men—of no ordinary intellectual stature. From his childhood Joseph Benson had a thirst for knowledge. In the home, when he had finished his lessons for the next day at school, it was his custom to employ the rest of the evening in useful reading. To do this he would retire to one end of the hall, remote from the fire, even in the cold weather, while

his mother and the female servants were employed spinning and the men servants amused themselves at the fire. In vain did his mother use her influence to persuade him to give up his close application to study, so eager was he in pursuit of knowledge, and so conscious of the value of time.

When Benson was an old man, a brother minister (the Rev. Joseph Entwisle, who lived near him in City Road, London) was accustomed to see his study light burning at eleven o'clock at night, and at five o'clock in the morning he would be busy at his desk. Of Joseph Benson, 'preacher of the gospel,' Dr. Jabez Bunting said: 'He was mighty in the Scriptures, with which, in their original languages, he was familiarly conversant. With the Greek Testament especially he was accurately acquainted, and skilled in every branch of systematic and polemical theology.' This was the intellectual character of the man who, in 1803, was appointed Editor of the *Methodist Magazine*.

Benson had many advantages over Story. He far exceeded him in scholarship and enlightened judgement. In taking control of the Magazine he announced that many of the members of the Methodist Church, in different parts of the kingdom, as well as preachers assembled at the Conference, had expressed an earnest wish that greater efforts should be made to make the periodical more edifying to the many thousands of families and individuals—especially the rising generation—to whom the Magazine appealed. Benson made certain improvements, and the Magazine grew in influence and the circulation increased. He retained the position as Editor till his death in 1821.

Jabez Bunting.

When Joseph Benson 'passed out,' Jabez Bunting took his place as Editor of the Magazine. Bunting was a much younger man. Benson entered the Methodist ministry in 1771; Bunting in 1799. 'Dr. Bunting' (as he was afterwards well and worthily known) occupied a unique place in Methodism—a position all his own. Methodism had had eminent scholars and theologians, but Bunting was a statesman of the first magnitude as well as scholar and theologian. I do not think that James Everett could be called a friend of Dr. Bunting's; the relationship between them must have been a little strained; but in his *Centenary Takings* Everett had to do justice to Bunting's gifts and to the position he occupied in Methodism. Everett affirmed—and rightly so—that the Methodist Church had not seen an intellectual and spiritual manifestation like Dr. Bunting. 'There has been in this personage,' Everett says, 'a monotony

of greatness.' He had not ' risen to his pre-eminent altitude ' by a succession of small and successive steps, but ' rose up to it at once.' Far from ' going up like a rocket ' and ' mingling with the luminaries of heaven,' and then ' coming down like a stick,' he ' maintained, throughout his ministerial life, the position which he had so soon taken up.'

It was said of Dr. Bunting that no man ever undertook greater things in Methodism than he had done and yet succeeded in everything that he undertook. He passed though very trying circumstances, created antagonisms, but his influence did not wane. With a strong hand, and with a mighty arm, for many years he ruled in Methodism. He was born to rule. Dr. Bunting was mighty in debate. One who knew him well said: ' We have heard pleaders at the bar, and statesmen in the senate, but we solemnly aver that for reply we never heard a near approach to him. His replies are like some of the set speeches of some of our best speakers—so full, so regular, so neat, so consecutive, so pertinent, so easy and ready. Every reply carries with it the mathematical precision of previous study even when there has been no means of knowing what was about to be advanced by the opposing party.'

The philosophic and scholarly William Arthur, M.A., author of the Methodist classic *The Tongue of Fire*, and of some philosophical works that reveal a powerful intellect, knew Dr. Bunting well, and had often heard him on the platform and floor of the Conference. Speaking of the doctor, Mr. Arthur said: ' Many a good man who had put forth a tidy, compact argument was amazed to see how readily it went to pieces (that is, under Dr. Bunting's searching criticism), and sometimes when a man of real might had cast his whole bulk in the doctor's way he found him wrapping the folds of his argument around him, like a constrictor round a buffalo, till, by one tremendous compression, his whole framework was crushed flat.'

Dr. Bunting transformed the polity of the Methodist Church. Necessarily there were those who were in keen antagonism to him, and sometimes he was sneeringly spoken of as ' the great Jabez.' Dr. Bunting was great not only as a statesman, but also as a preacher. Crowds attended his ministry. In the *Minutes of the Conference* it is said that ' his first sermon delighted and astonished those who heard it.' On four occasions he was chosen President of the Conference. He took office in 1821, with Thomas Jackson as his assistant. During his two years' editorship the Magazine rose in literary character and public estimation.

Early Methodist Anthems

By JAMES T. LIGHTWOOD

THE selections in Wilde's pamphlet referred to last month are all of the ' hymn-anthem ' species. The composers include James Leach of Rochdale, Luke Procter (an amateur musician in Sheffield), and W. E. Miller, son of Dr. Miller, the famous organist of Doncaster Parish Church. Wilde left Sheffield in 1798, and subsequently became leader of the singing at City Road Chapel. A year later W. E. Miller, who was a regular attendant at Norfolk Street Chapel, entered the Wesleyan ministry; but, as we shall see later, he did not allow his ministerial work to interfere with his love of music.

Miller was not the only preacher who contributed to the music of the Church. A famous predecessor was Thomas Olivers, who has a double claim on us, for he was the composer of ' Helmsley ' and also the author of ' The God of Abraham praise.' The statement frequently made that ' Helmsley ' is founded on a hornpipe is entirely wrong, and has been disproved again and again. Previous reference has been made to the Rev. John Beaumont, whose anthems, though forgotten to-day, had a wonderful vogue at the beginning of the last century.

More Regulations.

Thus we see that the practice of singing anthems in the Methodist chapels was becoming an established custom. Conference, however, viewed its growth with alarm, and a further effort was made to stay the tide. During 1797 the various rules and regulations that had appeared from time to time in what were known as the *Large Minutes* were revised and accepted by Conference as authoritative. These were published as a *Collection of Rules, or Code of Laws,* and here we find that the resolutions of the various Conferences from 1746 in reference to music are epitomized under the heading ' How to guard against formality in public worship, especially in singing.'

Q. 20. How shall we guard against formality in public worship?

A. 1. By carefully warning the people against it. By taking care that our own minds are duly affected by the truths we preach; never losing sight of ourselves.

2. By choosing such hymns as are suitable to the congregation. By singing not too much at once, seldom more

than five or six verses. By suiting the tune to the words. By sometimes seriously asking the people, ' Now, do you know what you said last? Did you speak no more than you felt? '

3. Is not formality in singing creeping in, singing those complex tunes and anthems which it is scarcely possible to sing with devotion? The repeating the same words so often, and especially while another is repeating other words (the horrid abuse which runs through the modern church music), as it shocks all common sense, so it necessarily brings in dead formality and has no religion in it. Besides, it is a flat contradiction to our Lord's command, ' Use not vain repetitions '; for what is a vain repetition, if this is not? What end of devotion does it serve? Sing no anthems.

4. Do not suffer the people to sing too slow; this naturally tends to formality. In every large Society let them learn to sing; and let them always learn our own tunes first. Let the women constantly sing their own parts alone; let no man sing with them, unless he understands the notes and sings the bass. Introduce no new tunes, till they are perfect in the old ones.

5. Let no organ be placed anywhere, till it be proposed at the Conference. Recommend the Tune-Book everywhere; and if you cannot sing yourself, choose a person or two in each place to pitch the tune for you. Exhort every one, whether man or woman, in the congregation, to sing. If a Preacher be present, let no other person give out the words. When they wish to teach the congregation to sing any new tune, they should only sing the tenor.

The only other reference in these epitomized *Rules* that concerns our story is found under the heading, ' The most useful way of preaching ': ' Everywhere avail yourselves of the great festivals, by preaching on the occasion, and singing our hymns, which you should take care to have in readiness.'

No Anthems to be Sung.

Here, then, we have the attitude of Conference towards music and singing at the close of the eighteenth century. Put briefly, we find that

1. No anthems were to be sung.
2. No organs allowed without the sanction of Conference.
3. Great attention was to be paid to the singing.

It is very difficult to discover what the particular anthems were to which the Conference took objection, since there are but few records of the special music which the choir-leaders availed

themselves of. At the opening of King Street Chapel, Bristol, in 1795, the anthems were: 'Let the righteous rejoice before God,' 'O Zion that bringest good things,' 'Lift up your heads,' 'The Hallelujah Chorus.'

The last three, from *Messiah,* may have been amongst those 'pieces' which came under the ban, though Wesley had some years before expressed approval of Handel's music. He heard the oratorio at Bristol Cathedral in 1758, and has recorded that 'In many parts, especially several of the choruses, it exceeded my expectation.'

It is safe to assume that the objection taken by Conference to the singing of anthems, which, as we have seen, was first mentioned in 1787, was founded on Wesley's own experiences, and there is plenty of evidence to show that his decisions, at any rate on musical subjects, were accepted as final by his brethren.

The opening of the nineteenth century discloses much activity amongst the singers and choir-leaders in Methodist chapels, and it is evident that the exhortations of the Conference were being carefully attended to. It was the custom in many places to engage teachers of singing to train the people, and records of payments to them appear in some of the old account-books, as, for instance, at Liverpool, where 5*s.* 6*d.* was paid 'to Mr. Marsden as a gratuity to learn the singers.' Special provision was made for a seat for the singers when new preaching-houses were erected. We have already seen that organs had been admitted in the chapels at Bath, Newark, and Keighley; but the only instrument that had official recognition was the bass fiddle. The presence of these instruments sufficiently disproves the story that Wesley, on being asked if he disapproved of musical instruments in a place of worship, replied that he had no objection to instruments of music in a place of worship 'provided they were neither seen nor heard.' The story is purely apocryphal, and may safely be consigned to oblivion.

In a few places attention was paid to the comfort of the singers. For instance, we find that half a guinea was paid for carpet for the singers' seat at Norfolk Street Chapel, Sheffield. The Methodists of this town seem to have been very kindly disposed towards their singers, and they did not hesitate to make a money grant towards choir expenses. Norfolk Street Chapel was particularly proud of its bass fiddle, which had passed with them from the old chapel in Mulberry Street, and it remained their one and only instrument of music till the erection of the first organ in 1860.

'I Can Wait'

THE INFLUENCE OF MOTHER IN THE HOME

By GABRIELLE GARTH

'I CAN wait,' Mrs. Gibson said gently to her young wayward daughter, who vigorously resented anything like control, and who had voiced the opinion that her mother was 'early Victorian,' and did not in the least understand how a modern girl should be treated.

'Wait what for?' asked Agatha petulantly.

'To be understood,' the mother made answer.

'I think I understand quite well now,' Agatha rejoined. 'You want me to live a humdrum life such as you seem to enjoy. Why should I not go out to dances at *The Frivolity*? Quite nice people go. Also, it costs you nothing, for I earn my living.'

'It costs me much,' her mother told her, 'for I am well aware that some very undesirable young people go to those dances. Their influence would be a danger.'

The girl flung a scornful look at her mother, as she remarked, 'It does not say much for the influence of you and dad, if I can be influenced to evil by casual acquaintances.'

With that the girl opened her pochette, had a glance at herself in the mirror it contained, slightly changed the angle at which her hat was set, shut the case with an impatient snap, then made for the front door. She was off to the business house where she was engaged as a typist and clerk. At the door she hesitated, then ran back along the tiled passage and gave her mother a kiss.

Anxious Forebodings.

Mrs. Gibson heard the front door bang, and knew that her daughter had gone. For a few moments she stayed by the dining-room window, looking out on the suburban road. It was October, and the trees that stood at intervals of a few yards, each with its little railing round it, looked forlorn. Dead leaves were being driven by the wind along the pavement, like homeless outcasts. It was very depressing, and Mrs. Gibson was conscious of tears which struggled to overflow, and were firmly held back.

Agatha was so pretty, so loving, and yet so mutinous. She was an only child. Agatha's father was an ill-paid bank clerk; and the girl, on leaving the High School, had at once sought a situation to help the family funds. She contributed well to the household, and voluntarily did many things in the home after a hard day's work. But she went out in the evenings

frequently with young friends. This Mrs. Gibson had been pleased about at first. She was so glad for her girl to get some amusements. It was when these particular dances began that she became unhappy and anxious. She had been told that they were ' not quite select ' by a neighbour. Afterwards more definite information had reached her, and she was quite sure that her pretty Agatha ought not to go. Agatha had learnt dancing when a small child, and had been ' a show pupil ' at the dancing-school. It was only natural that she should wish to dance.

Mrs. Gibson thought of all this as she looked through the window on the melancholy autumn scene. She remembered that both she and her husband had spoiled this only child. Had they been wrong? Was it possible that their very love for the child might have done her harm? Mr. Gibson was very easy-going. He never crossed bridges before he came to them. His wife had voiced her fears about the place to him, and he had replied, ' It is quite respectable, or the Stephens and the Scotts would not allow their boys to go. Why not let the girl have a little pleasure? '

Was she, after all, ' early Victorian,' as Agatha had called her? Was she making a fuss about nothing? She felt bitterly that her opposition to these dances might create a chasm between herself and the child she so loved.

Prayer and Power.

She sank on her knees and prayed for guidance. ' Dear Lord, if I am wrong, let me know it some way! I only want my child to keep in the narrow way.'

After this, she set about the work of the house, for the daily-girl who came usually to help with the household work was ill. But somehow sunshine had come into the grey dreariness of this autumn day. She knew that her prayer had reached the Great Father, who was strong and all-knowing.

That night Agatha went to the dance. It was strange, but Mrs. Gibson felt no anxiety. She could not understand it. It is curious how so many of us do not realize that a simple prayer invokes great power!

Mr. Gibson had gone to bed early, as was his habit; his wife waited up for her child. She had a bright fire burning in the old-fashioned sitting-room and hot cocoa and sandwiches ready for her daughter. It was nearing midnight, when Mrs. Gibson put down the stocking she was mending and raised her head, listening. Yes, it was a taxi stopping at their house. Quickly she fled along the passage, so that there should be no ring at the

door to wake her husband. He was not strong, and slept badly.

'Mother!' said the girl under her breath as the door was closed and the two made their way to the bright sitting-room. 'You have not had long to wait.'

The mother's heart raced, as she removed the fur-lined cloak from her daughter's shoulders, and revealed a lovely girl in a lovely though uncostly dance-frock.

A mother's instinct came to the fore.

'Sit down in that comfy chair, dear, and drink your cocoa and eat a sandwich before you talk,' she said.

The Greatest Happiness.

'Oh, mother of mothers!' the girl murmured as she sipped her cocoa, glad for the little respite from what she had to tell.

The gentle eyes of the mother—wells of patience and of love—regarded her in her pale-blue silk dance-frock. With the quick insight of mothers she read *trust* writ large in her child's eyes.

'Mother darling,' Agatha said with a little catch in her voice, 'I called you "early Victorian," didn't I? Well, I think I am going to be early Victorian too. I saw something to-night—at the dance—which decided me never to go there again. I am not going to tell you about it. I only want to tell you that I know you were right and I was wrong. I thought you did not understand how girls should have more freedom these days. I don't know how you knew, for you have never been to any places like that. I suppose God tells good mothers where danger lies for their children. It must be that. Anyway, I do know now that you by some curious instinct were right. All the way home I was thinking "For the future I'll just go by what mother says." And I was so cross with you this morning! I thought you just a "spoil-joy." Mother, I am so sorry to have hurt you!'

'Hurt me, darling!' exclaimed the mother radiantly. 'You have made me—oh, so happy! I do want you to have a good time. I want you to have pleasure and recreation; but I want to be sure that these are pure and innocent. I want your future years to hold no remorse. God means us to have pleasures, or He would not give us green trees and flowers and bird-song. All I want is your eternal happiness, not an evening's feverish joy.'

'Mother dear,' said the girl tenderly, 'God has given me the greatest happiness possible in giving me such a mother.'

Next month—'The Question of Appearance.'

Book Chat

PUBLICATIONS OF THE EPWORTH PRESS

A Notable Biography.

'THE world is forwarded,' Matthew Arnold said in his famous essay on Wordsworth, 'by having its attention fixed on the best things'; and few men of our generation have done that great service to their fellows in the realm of literature with such zeal and effectiveness as the subject of this interesting memoir, *Richard Green Moulton, M.A., Ph.D.*

Mr. Fiddian Moulton reveals a scholar 'whose main object was not to amass learning, but to popularize what he possessed, and to show the multitude how to share his own enjoyment of the best literature.' A life-like portrait of this gifted man is given us, who was for fifty years, to quote Sir Michael Sadler's words, 'a missionary of culture, an apostle of adult education.' He was one of the most popular and influential of Cambridge University lecturers in connexion with University Extension work. The rapid growth of the movement in this country and America is largely the result of his indefatigable energy and enthusiasm.

During twenty-seven years' brilliant service as Professor in Chicago University he was a link between the two British-speaking races, while his books on the Bible are among our chief treasures. Professor Grant, of Leeds University, wrote of him just after his death, 'There have been many lecturers, but only one Moulton, and I hardly think there will be another.' Mr. Moulton's delightful account of his distinguished uncle's life and work may be had for 5*s.* net.

The Evangel of the Hebrew Prophets.

This volume is an attempt to express, in the language of to-day, the Evangel of the Old Testament writers as the author has apprehended it by the study, during many years, of the relevant literature. In 1874 Dr. John Dury Geden delivered the Fernley Lecture at Cambridge, taking as his subject *The Doctrine of a Future Life as Contained in the Old Testament Scriptures.* In the preface to this Lecture (the price of which is 5*s.* net), Dr. A. S. Geden, the son of the lecturer in 1874, says: 'The problems which then engaged attention have changed their aspect with the lapse of time, but it is certain the leading thought and contention of that lecture are as securely established and as urgent now for the presentation of truth and reality as they were in 1874.'

Dr. Geden takes a wide survey. He seeks to fix the central purpose and meaning of the writers of the Old Testament and to estimate the contribution they made to the sum of human knowledge. The author shows that their teaching is in the direct line of development of the most vital and certain of human beliefs with regard to God and man's relation to Him. Dealing with the central elements in the thought and purpose of the Hebrew Scriptures, the reader is taken along a path which vindicates the principle and method of the book.

The books are discussed in turn and placed in their historic setting, the result being a mosaic of arresting beauty. The author indicates how each of the prophets made his own contribution, yet in such a way that the harmony of the picture is preserved. The unity of doctrine and thought which the Jews maintained through centuries of persecution and injustice is neatly summed up as ' a nation's faith in a nation's God.' The *Times Literary Supplement* does not exaggerate when it says the volume ' proves to be an illuminating introduction to the study of the Old Testament religion.'

Cornish Humour.

For genuine Cornish humour we venture to say Mark Guy Pearse's new book could not be beaten. The quaintness of the people, their devoutness and wealth of affection live again in the racy pages of *The Ship where Christ was Captain* (3*s.* 6*d.* net). The author rightly feels that Cornwall is rapidly losing all that marked it off from other parts of England, and that makes his book the more precious to lovers of its language and charming characters. To quote his own words, ' In the old days the toast of the Delectable Duchy was " Fish, Tin, and Copper." To-day we live mostly on visitors and visitors live on us.'

His recent volume, *A Village Down West,* was ' full of love and tenderness and reality.' In this book he stands before us as one of the commanding figures of Methodist literary history. The renewing, reforming ministry of Methodism is here seen afresh. Mr. Pearse has a county gallery where his friends not only smile on us, but enliven us with their ready wit and sparkling repartee. Billy Bray, one of the chief gifts of the Bible Christian section of our Church; Samuel Drew, ' cobbler and metaphysician '; Moses Dunn, fisherman and pilot, are some of the characters that come to life and become an inspiration to the reader.

The *Nottingham Journal* says, ' This is a book that will entrance all Cornishmen, and will fascinate all Methodists whether they be Cornishmen or not.'

BOOK CHAT

The History of the Church in France.

As the historian Freeman pointed out sixty years ago, history is one, and we cannot understand our own without knowing that of other countries. It is sometimes forgotten that ' the price of liberty is eternal vigilance,' yet those only can rightly watch who know how liberty has been attained and in what it consists.

Dr. Lowis has therefore rendered a real service to students of history by giving us the results of his research in so interesting and readable a form. There is much force in Professor Bett's words that the subject is one ' which is apt to be passed over somewhat slightly in general histories of the Church, which are more interested in German and Italian affairs at this period than in occurrences in the country now known to us as France.' The times of Hugh Capet and the religious life and thought of the age are described in a way that bears out the author's estimate of the Church's service in helping to lay the foundations of a strong and enlightened political order. Despite many defects, the Mediaeval Church held up before the world a high ideal of love and service. In the opinion of Dr. Lowis, ' it preserved civilization from collapse.'

A valuable feature of this volume (price 7*s.* 6*d.* net) is the sharp relief in which the author brings out the relation of the feudal and ecclesiastical factors in the civil and political life of nascent France. The Church did much to shape the country ' which was to be the foremost obstacle to a realization of the mediaeval conception of a United Christendom, at the head of which sat the Universal Emperor and the Universal Pope.'

Students of history will remember that the period A.D. 950-1000 saw the last serious conflict between the claims of Rome and the assertion of independence by local episcopal synods under royal direction. The importance of the trial in 991 of Arnulf, the Archbishop of Rheims, is discussed with knowledge and understanding.

The Mastership of Jesus.

The various implications of the word ' Master ' as used in the Gospels are clearly brought out by the Rev. Frank Cox, Chairman of the Sheffield District, in his eight Studies of *The Mastership of Jesus* (2*s.* 6*d.* and 1*s.* 6*d.* net). Helpful lessons are found in this book, which bears evidence of a knowledge of modern needs and a great love for the Master. The purpose is to show all that is implied in the claims made by our Lord, ' when so many are ready to acknowledge Jesus as Master, but have not considered all that is bound up in that title.'

Mr. Cox does not shrink from difficulties; but his language is never vague, ambiguous, or merely mystical. He has thought out his subjects thoroughly, with the result that these Studies are penetrating, stimulating, and thought-provoking. We would especially recommend the book to young readers, for, as the poet said in a moment of high inspiration, ' Sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier days.'

At the end of the book the author has compiled a series of questions and topics for the use of Study Circle groups, which should prove of great value.

A Book for Preachers.

In days when not a little is heard of dullness in the pulpit Mr. Clapperton's book, *First Steps in Preaching,* is particularly timely. Instead of theorizing, the author tells the young preacher in simple, straightforward language what he has to do if he wishes to be helpful and inspiring. As the true traveller must have a sense of strangeness, of the fantastic, of the infinite variety of the world, so the young preacher must have both good sense and knowledge.

To prepare a sermon may, at first sight, appear simple; but those who have made the attempt will realize, in the words of Mr. Clapperton, that ' the precious treasure must be toiled for, with earnest prayer and prolonged searching.' In this book various ways are indicated, which, if honestly put to the test, can scarcely fail to bring success. To discover new ideas is one of the greatest problems which confronts speakers; but the author goes to the root of the matter when he says, ' Originality consists in finding new connexions of facts and thoughts.'

Another question discussed is that of focusing sermon-thought. To hear or read the speeches of national leaders of thought is to appreciate the value of great literature, but the toil they represent is not always remembered. Joseph Chamberlain would shut himself in his library all the morning, all the afternoon, and after late dinner, until the early hours of the next morning. He accomplished nothing, and would say, ' I cannot find my line.' The next evening, or the evening after that, he would say to his wife, ' Whatever happens I am going to make my speech before I go to bed to-night.' And he would do it, though it meant staying up till three or four in the morning.

The best praise we can give this admirable book, the price of which is 2*s.* 6*d.* net, is to say that it will enable young preachers who are in earnest ' to find their line.'

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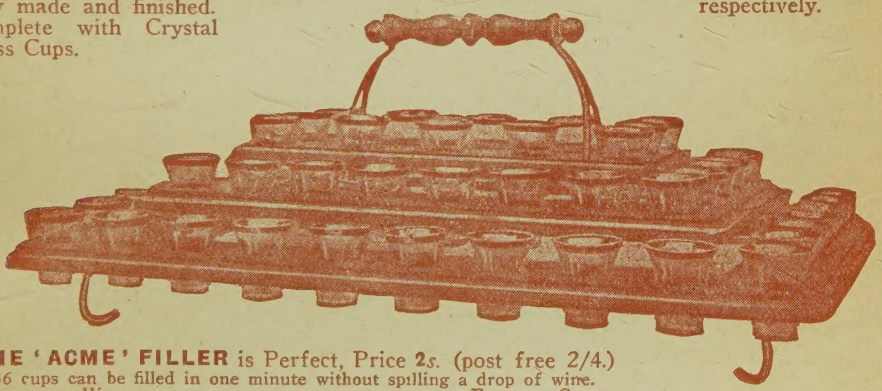

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